# HARPER'S WEEKLY

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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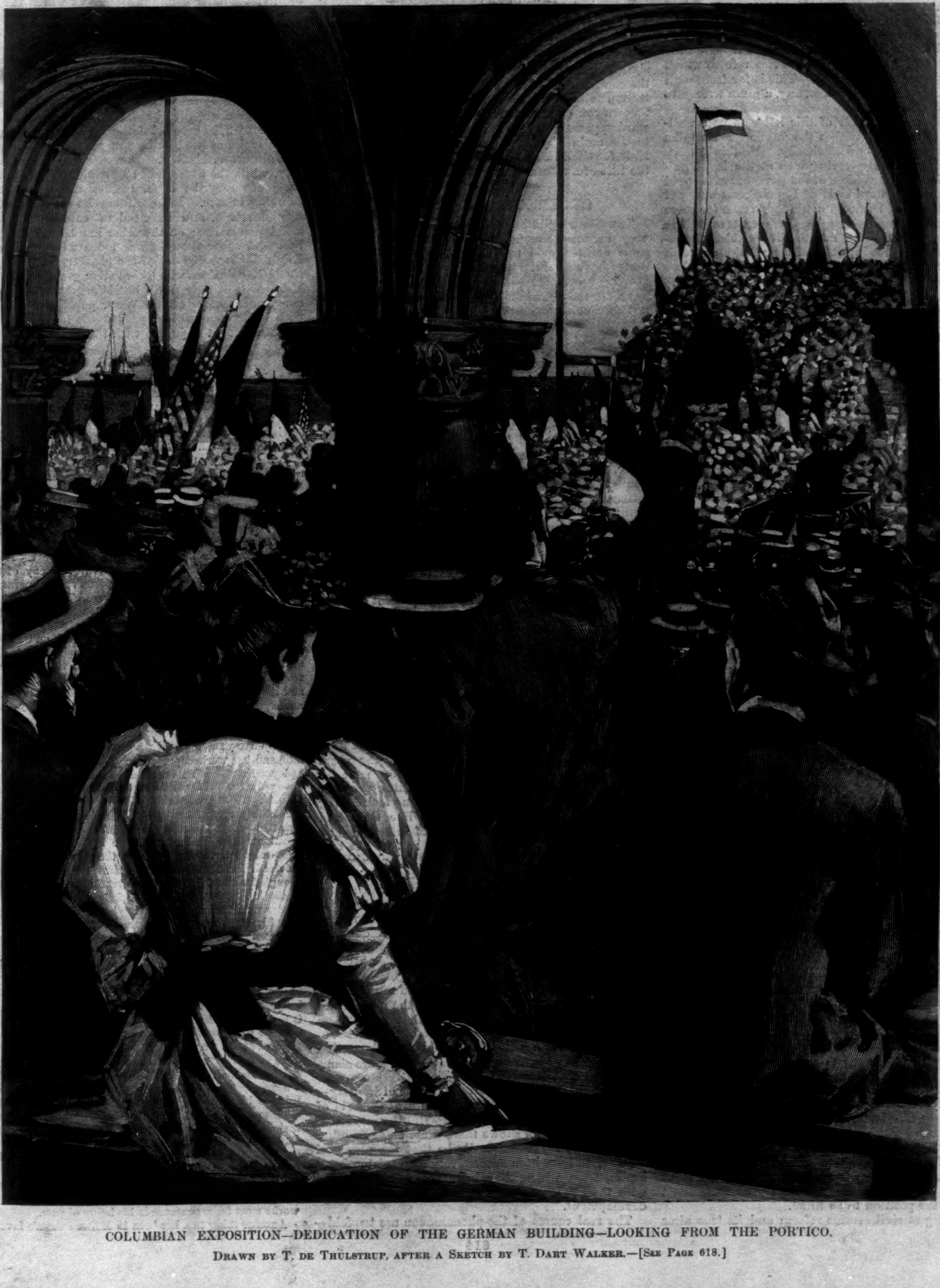

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—DEDICATION OF THE GERMAN BUILDING—LOOKING FROM THE PORTICO.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, AFTER A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 618.]

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## WHAT IS REFORM?

A READER of this journal writes us from Bethel, Berks County, Pennsylvania: "The CLEVELAND administration is allowing postmasters whose terms have expired to remain in office if no charges are preferred against them, calling it civil service reform. Your paper is a strong adherent of the principle. All right and good so far as it goes; but Mr. CLEVELAND was elected as a Democratic President, and why allow the larger part of these offices to be held by the opposite party? I am an advocate of civil service reform; but this is an injustice, because it favors the Republicans. I call that civil service reform which puts the best men into office. This is far from civil service reform. I call it a wrong, a gross wrong, to the Democrats."

We assume the writer of this letter to be a well-meaning citizen who wishes the public service to be carried on honestly and efficiently. He thinks that, the Democratic party having won at the last Presidential election, the offices of the government should be taken out of the hands of Republicans and put into the hands of Democrats; that able men for these places may be found among the Democrats as well as among the Republicans; and that if the ablest Democrats found are put into the offices, all the purposes of civil service reform will be satisfied. He therefore calls himself an "advocate of civil service reform." He furnishes, in fact, a striking illustration of a serious misconception of the true purposes of the reform which is prevalent among a large class of the friends of good government. It is that civil service reform aims merely at an improvement in the practical conduct of the service; that the methods of examination preceding appointments to office it advocates, and its protests against arbitrary removals, have only this purpose in view, and that if this can be accomplished while keeping the offices in the hands of the dominant party, civil service reformers have nothing more in reason to ask for.

That civil service reform aims at an improved conduct of the public business is true. But even if it aimed at nothing beyond this, it would have to reject the partisan principle in making appointments and removals, on the ground that this principle involves sweeping changes in the *personnel* of the service with every change of administration; that with these changes the benefit of accumulated experience will be lost; and that, in spite of the best intentions, under this system men will be selected more on account of their party standing or political service than according to their fitness for the duties to be performed. The object of improving the service can, therefore, not be attained, or be attained only in a very small measure, so long as appointments and removals are made mainly on partisan grounds.

But the ultimate end of civil service reform is something far more important than a mere improvement in the machinery of administration. It is to elevate the character of our political life by eliminating from it as much as possible the demoralizing elements of favoritism and of mercenary motives which under the spoils system have become the moving powers in our politics. It is to rescue our political parties, and in a great measure the management of our public affairs, from the control of men whose whole statesmanship consists in the low arts of office-mongering, and many of whom would never have risen to power had not the spoils system furnished them the means and opportunities for organizing gangs of political followers as mercenary as themselves. It is to restore ability, high character, and true public spirit once more to their legitimate spheres in our public life, and to make active politics once more attractive to men of self-respect and high patriotic aspirations. To this end public offices must cease to be party spoils, and the reign of political favoritism must come to a close; and toward this end civil service reform is working. Men who look at the matter superficially sometimes express surprise at the great stress civil service reformers lay upon open competitive examinations prior to appointment to office, arguing that the fitness of candidates for official position might equally well be tested by other methods. The answer is that if this were true, there would, however, be no other method as effective in excluding favoritism from appointment to office as that which makes appointments dependent upon the result of open competitive examinations, and that the exclusion of favoritism is even more important than the certainty of finding in every case the fittest man for the position to be filled.

Looking at civil service reform and its true aims in this light, our correspondent will admit that Mr. CLEVELAND is not to be blamed by civil service reformers for allowing postmasters whose terms have expired to remain in office if no charges are preferred against them, but might be blamed for not making this a general rule applicable to all offices. We cannot repeat too often that the practice of permitting officers to serve out the terms for which they were appointed, or of assuming, in the case of offices not covered by the four-years'-term law, that four years is about long enough for ever so good a public servant to hold an office, and that then he should make room for a member of the dominant party, may be an improvement upon the more brutal practice formerly prevailing of a rapidly executed clean sweep, but that it will before the end of the administration, after all, result in a total turning over of the offices from one party to another; in other words, that it may be a mitigation of a great abuse, but is not reform. It will be a clean sweep gently executed, a clean sweep showing in the manner of its execution that those who make it are ashamed of what they are doing, but a clean sweep for all that, to be followed by another clean sweep as soon as the opposite party comes into power. It will be, in effect, the continuation of the spoils system. An administration following such a policy might perhaps soothe its own conscience by making a somewhat better outward appearance than some of its predecessors, but as to the main object of reform it would accomplish little for the future, and therefore not earn for itself the title of a reform administration.

## CURRENCY AND CAPITAL.

THE silver agitation arises from a combination of very diverse elements, some good, some bad, and some neither good nor bad. The silver-producing States have an interest, mainly of a selfish sort, in keeping up the price of silver. Economists of rank advocate the principle of bimetallism, and advise, if not free coinage in the United States, active steps toward the wider use of silver. Finally, the people of most of the younger States of the West unite in demanding more abundant currency. They want free silver, not so much from any special predilection for silver or for the bimetallic cause, as from a conviction of the need of more money on general principles. It is this last element in the silver situation which has the greatest political importance, and needs the widest and freest discussion.

The free silver feeling in the West is, in its essence, a very old phenomenon. It is simply the latest phase of a feeling which has shown itself throughout our history in the new parts of the country. Every section of the country has gone through the currency craze in its early stages of settlement and development. In the Colonial period, and especially in the eighteenth century, the communities of New England tried their experiments with paper money, and suffered the inevitable consequences. By the beginning of the present century New England had reached a comparatively stable condition, and since that time has had a strong public opinion against currency tinkering. In the early years of the century the Middle States went through the inflation stage, and did not reach completely stable conditions until the middle of the century. The States in the eastern part of the Mississippi Valley went through their currency craze in the second quarter of the century, and were beginning fairly to settle down in the decade 1850-60. The inflation movement in the Granger States during the years immediately after the war is too fresh in our memory to need to be recalled; and it is a striking proof of the great development which has taken place during the present generation that States like Ohio and Illinois, formerly the strongholds of inflation, may now be reckoned, on the whole, as safe on the currency question. The cry for plentiful money has made its way westward to the States beyond the Mississippi, and to those Southern States which have only begun to feel the pulse of modern development since the abolition of slavery. These are now the new States; they are now in the stage of development in which Ohio and Illinois were thirty and forty years ago, Pennsylvania and New York eighty and a hundred years ago, and the New England States a century and a half ago. They demand more money and more currency; and it is only the accident of the great fall in the price of silver that causes them to favor just now the unlimited use of that metal.

The steady recurrence of this movement shows that it must be due to permanent causes. We are sometimes told that the demand for free silver or other forms of cheap money is due to simple dishonesty—to the desire of the debtor communities to get rid of their obligations on easy terms. But the steadiness of the phenomenon shows there must be some other explanation; for it can hardly be that the people of all sections have been successively affected by moral lapses, from which they have promptly recovered with the attainment of a further stage of industrial development.

The real causes of the phenomenon are twofold—partly a real need, and partly ignorance as to how the need is to be met. The need is of capital; the ignorance is as to the relation of capital and money. Communities in the first stages of the development of abundant natural resources need capital. They are regularly debtors. They want machinery, materials, buildings, labor, and the means to pay labor—all the apparatus of civilization wherewith to unlock nature's stores. The concrete form in which every individual in such a community wants capital is money. It is not surprising that he should fail to see that the need of the community is for an abundant supply of real capital and an abundant production of wealth, and that these cannot be secured by an unlimited supply of currency. Consequently a young country, left to itself, rarely resists temptation to issue money to excess. The over-issue, it is true, results before long in checking that very inflow of capital which it is meant to promote. Depreciation begins; the older communities, from which the real capital must come, lose confidence; a crisis sets in, followed by a long period of depression, from which recovery takes place only when stable monetary conditions have been restored.

Simple ignorance of money and monetary phenomena promotes the confusion. The notion that money alone is wealth, or is a peculiarly valuable form of wealth, dies hard. To the minds of untrained men, however intelligent they may be, the old fallacies of the blessings of plenteous money appeal almost irresistibly. In a new and raw community, while the average of native shrewdness and intelligence may be high, trained and experienced thinking is rare. But as time goes on the community develops, and its need of capital from outside becomes less; on the other hand, general education and sober thought are more widely diffused. Gradually it works out of the pioneer stage, and gets rid of the delusions which that stage generally brings. Meanwhile it may think itself fortunate if, as with our young States of the West, political federation with older communities prevents it from following its natural bent to juggle with the currency.

## EDITOR STONE'S CASE.

IN his valedictory remarks on the close of a long and honorable career as the responsible head of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, Editor DAVID M. STONE permits himself to note that he has given forty-four years of his life to the service of his paper without a single vacation. It is a grave admission, yet Editor STONE makes it without a blush, and even seems rather to glory in it than to be ashamed. For the last four years, he says, he has had no assistant, and has written with his own hand all the "brevier" that the *Journal of Commerce* has used, to the extent of not less than three hundred leading editorials a year. All readers of Mr. STONE's paper know that his leading articles have made good reading. The experience, learning, sagacity, and piety of their author have gone into them in liberal measure. A good many of them would make good tracts. Many of them have already been collected and preserved in permanent form. Yet Mr. STONE says they were all written without the refreshment of so much as a single vacation.

It has come of recent years to seem almost sinful for a man who can possibly get a vacation to work on without it. Hardly any great moral truth has been so persistently aimed at American brain-workers as the assurance that they worked too hard and too continuously, and needed more vacations and longer ones. They have been assured that they could not hope to live their lifetimes out, and continue to do good work, unless they refreshed their energies from time to time by vacations. Yet here is Mr. STONE, who says he is seventy-five years old, and who has nothing the matter with him, and has worked particularly hard the last four years, and yet has taken no vacation within the memory of middle-aged men. What is the matter with the vacation theory? Has Mr. STONE proved that it is wrong?

Probably not. More likely Editor STONE is the exception that proves the rule. He has done very well without vacations, though of course there is no telling what new light might have shone out of the *Journal of Commerce* brevier if Mr. STONE had sometimes stopped writing long enough for a new inspiration to reach him. One objection to continuous brain-work, especially literary work, is that the writer is in danger of getting into a rut, and of working over his original stock of impressions without getting any new ones, until his individuality becomes exaggerated, his work becomes deficient in variety and breadth. It is the same sort of objection that is made to the marriage of cousins, and it may be met by the same sort of reply. For as it is averred that if the stock is only sound enough cousins may marry with impunity, so in the matter of writing it may be said that if only the author is sound enough he may go on spinning literature out of his own head indefinitely without stopping to look around, and no harm come of it. Editor STONE must be one of those exceptional writers, for he finds himself able to say that since he has been a newspaper writer he has not written "a line that could bring a blush to any honest cheek," or which he would wish to recall as untruthful or insincere. It is suspected that a chief use that ordinary newspaper writers have for vacations is to give them due opportunity to repent of all the faulty things they have written in their terms of labor. So of course a man who has written nothing that he is sorry for has much less need of rest than his fellow who has devoted a considerable proportion of his busy moments to works meet for repentance in his hours of ease.

Another thing that has been in Editor STONE's favor as a continuous worker has been that he has had a country home in Brooklyn, which he has dwelt in all the year round. Another thing is that his newspaper has never published a Sunday edition. Another thing has been his professional association with Mr. William C. Prime, one of the most confirmed vacationers of his time, who for many years has usually been fishing somewhere, or botanizing, or off on a driving tour, and who has gathered ozone in all quarters of the world and habitually shipped it by mail to Mr. Stone's paper. It can hardly be supposed that Mr. Stone could have got on so well without leisure if Mr. Prime had not ministered unto him. His case, therefore, though fit to excite admiration, is modified by too many exceptional circumstances to weigh very much against the popular belief that continuous labor makes Jack a dull boy, and that occasional vacations are good.

## AT NEW LONDON.

There is more or less dispute among the doctors as to whether college boat-races pay. There are learned persons, who claim something like a monopoly of wisdom, who insist that the time and strength that the young gentlemen of the universities devote to intercollegiate contests avail nothing for the advancement of education. Such censors maintain that a college lad's business is with books, and that most of the energy that he expends in trying to make one boat go faster than another is wastefully and feloniously diverted from its proper destination.

The weak point of this theory of boat-racing is that it is held almost exclusively by men who do not row. The men who do row don't complain. They like it at the time, and even long after a university oar is out of college, and has buckled to the serious concerns of life, it is usually hard to get him to regret the time he put in at the end of a sweep. Men have avowed in deathless verse that the time they lost in wooing has been detrimental to some of their most precious interests, but with rowing it seems not to work that way. The veterans are only too glad to remember that they were once young and vigorous enough to be entitled to a seat in an eight-oared shell. Hard work with the body has a certain exhilaration about it. Wisely undertaken, it is good to do and very good to look back upon.

And it is admirable to watch. The annual Yale-Harvard race on the Thames is a spectacle worth going far to see, and worthy of all the attention it excites. It is a great show of rowing, for one thing. An eight-oared shell, propelled as an eight-oar ought to be, is a more inspiring machine than any that you will find in Machinery Hall at the fair. It has life, brains, and method in it. It represents effort, self-denial, and the carefulest instruction. To an eye that can appreciate it, a great ship under sail is not a more glorious sight. And what a moment it is when the two long boats pull into line! Nine hearts beat fast in each, and twenty thousand hearts on shore thump against their owners' ribs in sympathy. They are off! By the time this reaches the reader's eye he will probably know which got there first. But that is of minor importance. The race is the thing. Which wins does not so much matter. That one crew must lose is a necessary evil that is part of the price of a great show. Nor is it an exorbitant price, when the quality of the show is considered.

The spectators are a very important part of the spectacle. The Yale-Harvard race is the foremost event at New London, not so much because it gives the finest show of rowing as because the hopes of more on-lookers are wrapped up in it than in any of the other races. To be one of a crowd that is profoundly stirred by the same interest is a luxury of emotion, and the bigger the crowd, and the more breathless the interest, the more luxurious the emotion is.

And besides the excitement of it, what a pretty scene it is! The green banks of the river; the harbor packed full of yachts; the exuberant undergraduate in his picturesque summer garb; the swarms of blooming damsels in *their* distracting summer raiment and their blessed head-gear. Surely no one whose blood runs in an unimpeded course can feel that *all* the luxuries of the season are within his reach unless he can manage to get to New London this week and see its races, and make one of its enthusiastic and rejuvenating crowd.

## COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement is like spring in that it is new every year, and that familiarity with it breeds only increased appreciation. It grows on the participator as his years accrue. It is a good day for the hopeful youths who graduate and march at the head of the line. It will seem good to them next year when they come back after a twelve months' separation, and hobnob with one another over their class punch, and presently get in line at the very tail end of the procession, so far off from the band that they can scarcely catch the music. But in ten years' time, when they have moved up ten places nearer to the band, they will find it dearer still. Then it will have begun to assume its true properties as the day of all the year that brings back the youth that is already slipping from them, by taking them back to the scenes of their untrammelled adolescence, and rubbing them up against the men who were young with them when they were young. Life brings great prizes to the diligent and the lucky. To the average college graduate of fifteen years' standing it has brought a wife and children, a certain foothold in the world, and a definite prospect of respectable achievement. But it is better at bestowal than at replenishment. It brings him new things, but it does not fit him out with fresh supplies of the treasures that he had. There is only one set of the men who were young when he was young, and it cannot be duplicated.

If he is wise, and the cockles round his heart do not get too stiff, he is very careful of that dwindling set of associates, and the fewer there are of them, and the more he realizes the impossibility of replacing them, the greater pains he takes to go back to Commencement and take account of stock.

A strangely impressive spectacle is the forming of the line of graduates that marches to the Commencement dinner of an old college. First comes the graduating class; then the alumni by classes in order of seniority. "Class of 1820!" cries the marshal. Perhaps there is no response. "Class of 1821; Class of 1822! Class of 1823!" Presently, as his class is reached, the oldest graduate present steps out, a venerable man, perhaps the sole representative of his year, and takes his place, amid the cheers of the spectators. Then for a dozen or a score of classes, as the marshal calls the year, one or two or four or five old men walk by, arm in arm, supporting one another's steps. Then, as the list gets into the forties, come gray-haired men, but vigorous, and not yet of the lean and slippered period. And then in larger companies the men of middle age, and then the younger men, and finally a boisterous crowd two hundred strong of lusty youth who cheer for "'92." A marvellously vivid panorama of human life is the Commencement procession, from "*Morituri salutamus*" at one end to "Life let us cherish" at the other. Dull must be the spirit that is not stirred by it. And yet it is a cheering sight with all its pathos, so much good-fellowship it shows, and sympathy, and joyous greeting when old companions meet.

## AS TO THE NATIONAL AIR.

An esteemed correspondent writes to the Weekly to complain, or, rather, to lament, that the United States has no single recognized national air. With three candidates for the place, he finds that we are unable to choose between them, and are consequently the only considerable nation on earth which has not fixed upon a single representative tune. There are "The Star-spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," and "America" (not to mention "Yankee Doodle"), all of which are played indiscriminately whenever occasion calls for the national music. Of these three tunes, one, "America," belongs to England, where it has been long known and cherished as "God Save the Queen." That one, at least, is stolen property in the United States, and can never with propriety be claimed as ours. Of the other two airs our correspondent says that both have had official recognition in the navy, the practice having been to play "Hail, Columbia," at morning, and "The Star-spangled Banner" at evening "colors." The new navy regulations, however, order the latter tune to be played on both occasions, so that the navy has one recognized national air at last.

This is an interesting precedent, and the Weekly is glad to note it. It probably comes as near to the choice of a tune by governmental action as we are likely to get. Congress is hardly likely to legislate on the subject of a national air, nor is it probable that the President could be induced to name one by proclamation, but if the Army and Navy departments can agree on a tune, they can enforce their choice upon the army and navy bands, which should go far toward setting the fashion and bringing the matter to settlement.

Once the choice of the tune is settled, it could be taught in the public schools. That would happen naturally in most schools where the pupils are taught to sing at all, and it would be sure to happen in the public schools of this and some other States, where at present a systematic effort is being made to cultivate in the pupils a sentiment for the national flag.

## THINGS TALKED OF

The following remark by an agent of Krupp's gun factory at Essen—the reputation of which has stood as high as that of any in Europe—is quoted in a note to *Good Government*, the civil service reform journal of Washington: "In consequence of the excellent methods of employing laborers and the close personal inspection by military officers, you get at Washington better results than at any other gun factory in the world." The bearing of this testimony from so high an authority is not in its testimony to American efficiency. We are all of us fairly confident of that. It is in the way in which the government is able to command efficiency in this particular work. That is done through laborers who have been taken out of the spoils system, and through army officers who never were in it. Five years ago the navy-yard laborers were of a very low order of character and ability, simply because they were employed at the dictation of politicians, their wages being a thinly veiled bribery fund for buying votes for the party in power. Under Secretary Tracy politics was banished from all civil departments of the naval service. The military or naval inspectors, of course, were always independent of politics. Now it is as plain as that two and two make four that the same reform applied to the whole civil service would produce the same sort of results. If the men and women employed to collect the revenue, distribute postal matter, and perform the other necessary work of the service were employed solely for their fitness, and their work were supervised and inspected by men secure of their tenure so long as they were faithful and competent, we should have a service, in all its branches, equal if not superior to any in the world. That is a work which Mr. Cleveland can do before 1897, if he really wishes to do it, and none other would leave him so bright and lasting a name in American history.

The tradition that living is very much cheaper in Europe than in the United States is likely to vanish under the influence of destructive statistics, so far as the cost of food is concerned. The English government has just published a series of reports from its consuls giving the retail prices of certain common articles of food of medium quality in various European capitals. It states that "prime" beef—by which is not understood the finest cuts, but such as steaks from the round—costs in Prague 14 cents per pound, in Vienna 16 cents, in Rome 17 cents, and in Paris from 24 to 32 cents. These prices are from 25 to 100 per cent. higher than those obtaining in New York. White sugar is reported at from 7½ to 15 cents in Rome and Florence, the latter price being simply incredible to a New York buyer of moderate means. Flour is reported 2.2 cents per pound in Buda-Pesth to 5 cents in Paris. The former is equivalent to $4 21 a barrel, and is not far from the American rate. The latter is $9 80 per barrel, and is fully twice as high as in New York. Coffee ranges from 33½ cents in Berlin—not far from the price here—to 60 cents in Paris, which would seem extortionate in New York. These differences are not easily explained, whether as between other capitals and Paris or as between Europe and the United States. Of course there still remain the elements of rent, service, light, fuel, furniture, bedding, and clothing, which in the total count for much more than the food, and these are in most European cities still very much lower than here. In some respects, we may add, they are worth much less.

The history of the relations of Dr. McGlynn to the Catholic Church is one that will probably never be fully made known to the public in his lifetime. He returns from Rome, after some six years of suspension from his priestly functions, restored fully to all the rights and privileges of his office, and is likely to be assigned to an important parish in this city, or to some station of equal dignity and influence. Dr. McGlynn himself has stated—as nearly as an outsider can correctly interpret his language—that he has made no recantation of the views which were supposed to be the occasion for his discipline. Those views, it will be remembered, were substantially those of Mr. Henry George in regard to the ownership of land. They were certainly much more extreme than the Church could approve or disseminate without grave offence to a large part of its members. Has the Church concluded that it can allow them, if it cannot approve of them? Has Dr. McGlynn consented to forego the advocacy of them without recanting them? These are questions which cannot now be answered. But the Church may well be congratulated that the service of a man so pure and able as Dr. McGlynn is retained for it, and the Doctor that he is restored to a career on which he had entered, and in which he had long labored with such devotion. The settlement is another instance of the profound sagacity with which in the long-run the authorities of Rome discharge their great and delicate function of adjusting the Church to the inevitable.

There is something exquisitely cruel in the rash tendency of the average mind to give an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of persons on trial for conspicuous crimes. After the prompt acquittal of Miss Borden, at New Bedford, it was a not infrequent remark to hear, "I believe she was guilty, all the same." From an utter stranger, ignorant of the facts save as they could be gathered by a hasty perusal of imperfect newspaper reports, this is, of course, chiefly a wrong to the intellectual integrity of the thoughtless author of the remark. But one shudders at the conception of what a like disposition in the dwellers of a little town, the home of the accused, might inflict in the way of torment. It is all the worse because most of this feeling is generated by stories of family quarrels in the Borden home. It is in no sense the expression of what can fairly be called an opinion; it does not rest on painstaking study of all the facts; it is a vague, mischievous sentiment of resentment for reported "ugliness," or a still more mischievous manifestation of that mental bloodthirstiness which seems to lie about as near the surface of the average American man or woman as the Tartar does to the scratched skin of the Russian.

Mr. Gladstone has not forgotten the journalists of the Liberal party. On the 3d of June, which is the "official birthday" of the Queen, among the honors distributed were two baronetcies and four knighthoods to editors and proprietors of Liberal papers, besides two baronetcies offered and declined. In this the Premier is only following the example of Lord Salisbury, though he goes fully twice as far. If the Conservatives come in at the next election and the same policy is pursued, it will probably become a settled one. We cannot regard it as a sound one. It is, perhaps, not quite so bad as the American habit of giving offices to editors, but it is in the same line. In one case, however, the editor goes out of office in due time, and has a chance to resume such independence as he may be capable of. But once a baronet or a knight, the English editor is fixed, and the title is far more coveted—is, in fact, a much bigger reward for party service than any office within the gift of the President. English journalism has been, in the main, curiously sturdy, fair, and impartial. It will not be made more so by the habit of dangling titles above the editor's desk. We note, however, in justice to Mr. Gladstone, that he has knighted John Tenniel, of *Punch*. That is a generous and right thing to do—right, because there is no man of greater distinction in his calling, and generous because some of Tenniel's keenest shafts have been aimed at Mr. Gladstone, and have gone to the mark.

It is hardly to be expected that a police sergeant will be a model of impartiality and courtesy combined. He has a rough class to deal with, and he acquires the habit of roughness. But the officer who locked Captain Andersen, of the *Viking*, in a cell, with four of his men, on Monday night, in Brooklyn, and refused to take cash bail for their appearance in court, is a Dogberry doubled with a donkey. Captain Andersen is the guest of the city of New York; he is also a former resident of Brooklyn, and known there as a reputable citizen. The charge against him of public intoxication and riotous behavior was, on the face of it, extremely improbable; but even had it been proven to the sergeant, there was no reason why the accused should not have been released on bail. In the nature of the case the Captain could not, if he wished to do so, "cut his bail." If the Police Commissioner of Brooklyn does not discipline the men responsible for this outrage, the Democratic machine will hear from the Scandinavian voters this fall. That is not a high motive to appeal to, but it is a strong one. As for the disgrace to the city and the nation, we have no reason to suppose that the machine cares a cent for that.

The appointment of Mr. William Henry Bishop, the well-known novelist and writer, as instructor in French and Spanish at Yale University, is one on which that ancient and vigorous institution is to be congratulated. Mr. Bishop has resided for some years in Europe, chiefly in France, but part of the time in Spain, and he has travelled and studied in Spanish America. Our readers will remember his charming book of observations, *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces*, published by the Harpers, and the same firm have now in press *A House-Hunter in Europe*. Mr. Bishop, apart from his careful culture and unusual literary gift, has two qualities valuable in a teacher, unflagging conscientiousness and a keenly sympathetic nature. We tender to the students who may come under his influence the assurance of our congratulations, tinged with a slight feeling of envy.

## A·VETERAN EDITOR'S FAREWELL TO JOURNALISM.

**Mr. David M. Stone**, for many years the able editor of the *Journal of Commerce* of this city, has retired from his labors covered with honors. He is in excellent health, erect in body, and gives promise of living many years longer. His sight is undimmed, and he boasts that he has never worn glasses, and that he can read the finest print, and see to thread a cambric needle. His valedictory as published in that paper of June 10th was as follows:

"A controlling interest in the *Journal of Commerce* has been owned for the lifetime of a generation by William Cowper Prime, LL.D., and myself. After Dr. Prime gave up to me his position as editor-in-chief he continued his connection with the paper, not only as a most interesting correspondent, but also as counsellor and adviser in its general management. Of late we both became somewhat wearied with the burden which advancing years made more and more onerous, and have sought for a purchaser to assume the charge we desired to relinquish.

"The opportunity came a few weeks since, and not only our interest, but the entire ownership of the establishment has been sold, and the paper has been consolidated with the *Daily Commercial Bulletin*. The new issue will be known as the *Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin*, and will retain the principal features which have made this paper so acceptable to its subscribers.

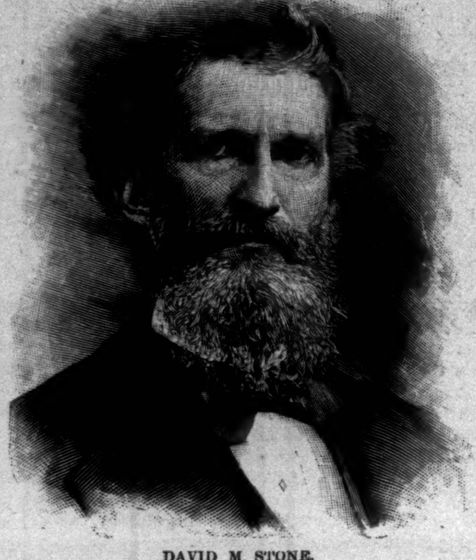
"I have been in the harness since 1849, and have given forty-four years of my life to the service without a single vacation. For the last four years I have had no editorial assistant, and have written with my own hand every article set in brevier type which has appeared in any edition of the paper, making over three hundred leading editorials in each of the twelve months, besides attending to much other work in the conduct of the business.

"I have passed my 75th birthday, and it is time for me to lay down my pen and seek a needed rest.

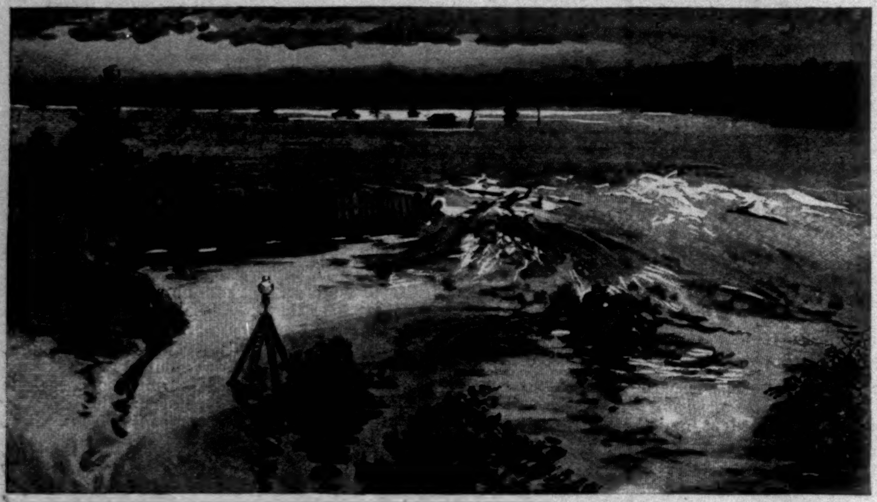
"It is a comfort to me in the retrospect that since I began this ministry I have not written a line that could bring a blush to any honest cheek, or which I now wish to recall as untruthful or insincere. I have had no personal quarrels with any, and have never printed an unkind word of others, whether in or out of the same profession. The tone and spirit and effect of my life work I commit to the candid judgment of the many who have listened to me.

"Those who are to succeed me are already too well known to need my commendation to the public confidence. I hope that my friends and the larger circle to be addressed in the new issue will find their needs fully met in the conduct of the united journals, now presented for their acceptance and patronage.

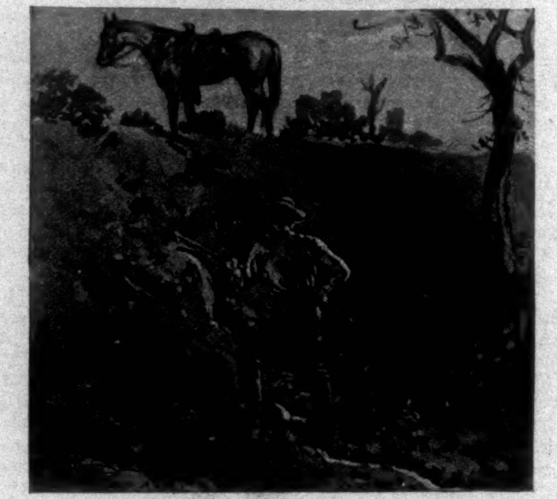
"I have had most encouraging messages in all the past from a host of readers who have become my friends, most of whom have never seen my face, and I feel a wrench at my heart as I turn away to address them no more. I bid them and all who have taken any interest in me and my labors an affectionate farewell."



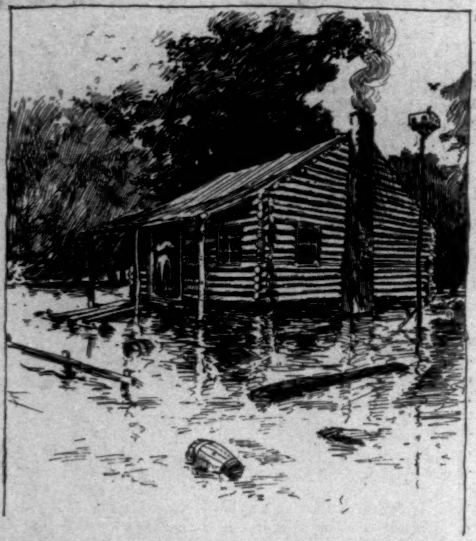
DAVID M. STONE.



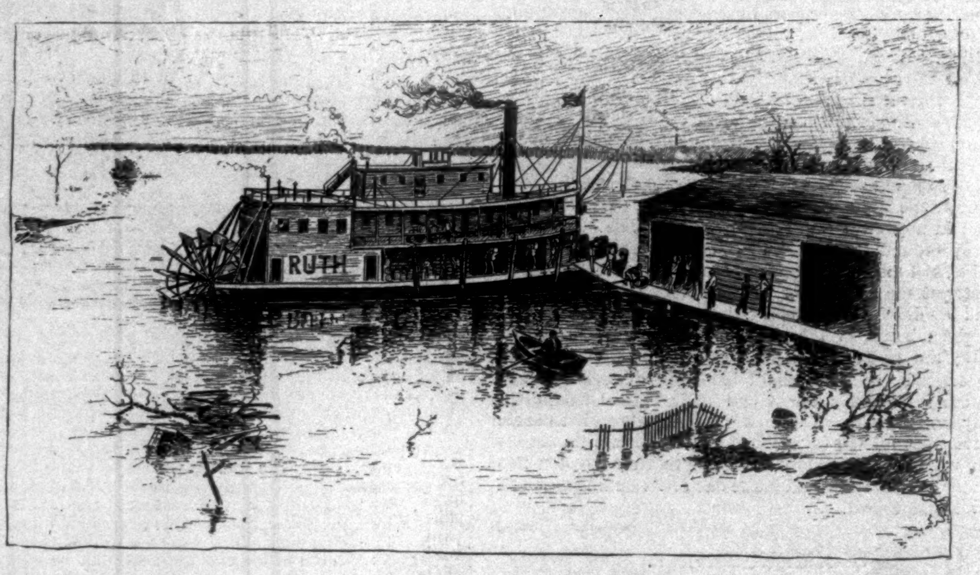
ONE END OF LARGE CREVASSE SHOWING EXPOSED SIDE OF LEVEE PLANKED UP FOR PROTECTION AGAINST WAVE WASH.



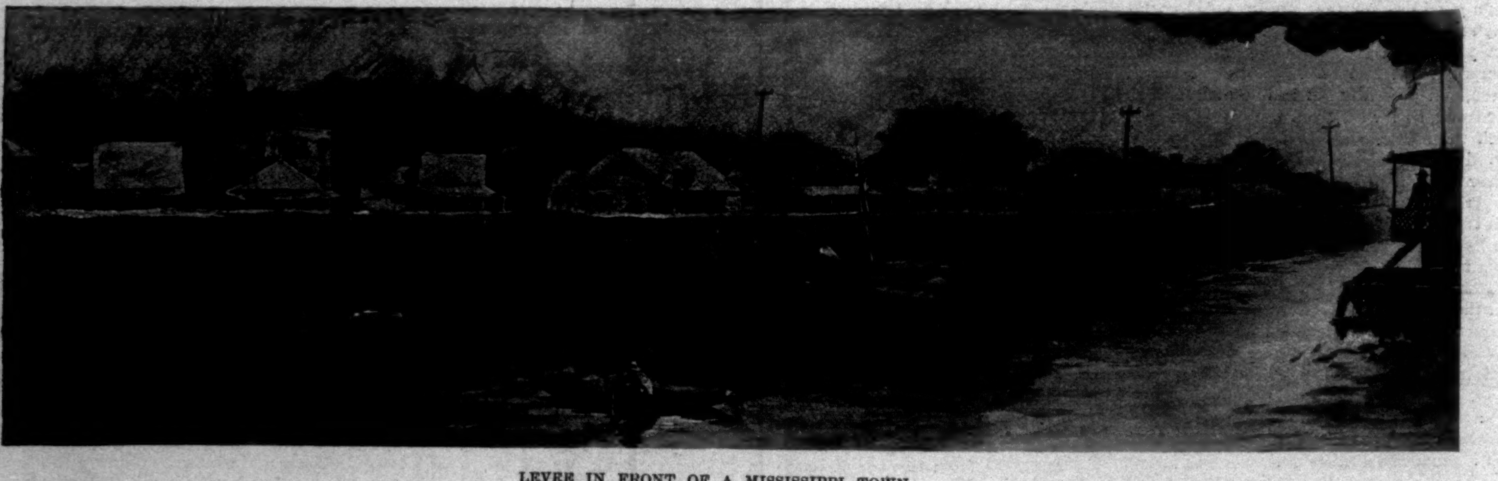
DISCOVERING A LEAK IN A LEVEE.



CABIN SURROUNDED BY WATER FROM A BROKEN LEVEE.

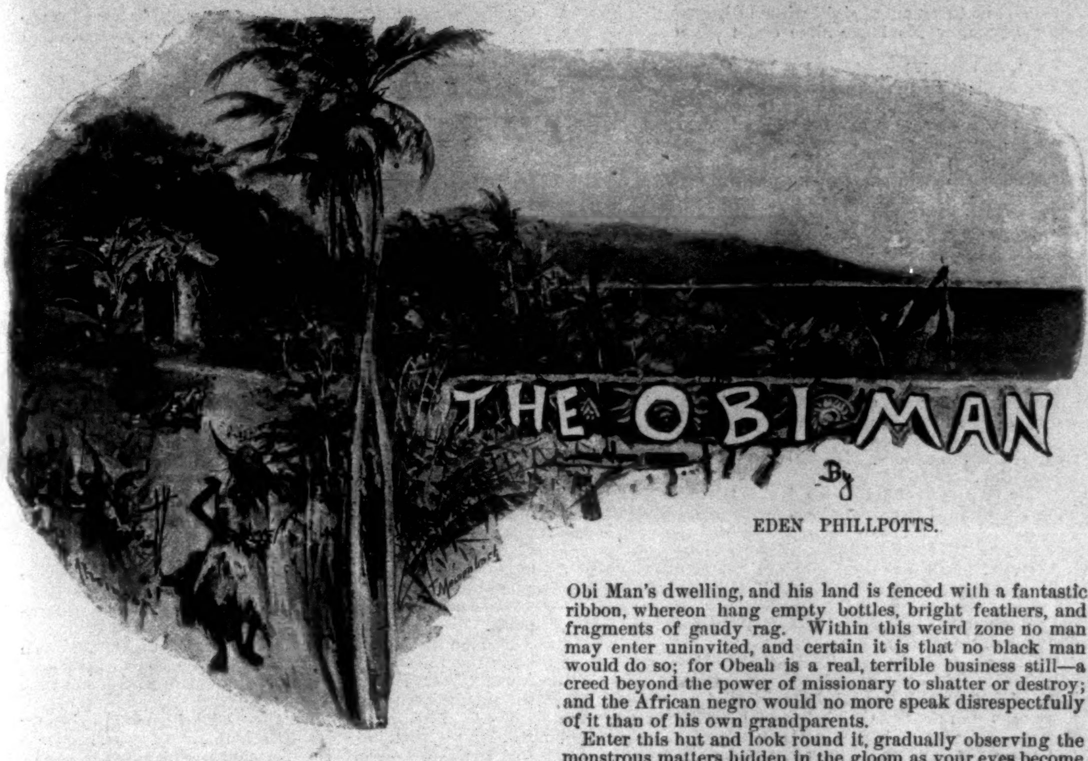


PUTTING OFF SUPPLIES FOR OVERFLOW SUFFERERS—LEVEE IN DISTANCE.



LEVEE IN FRONT OF A MISSISSIPPI TOWN.

THE FLOODS ON THE MISSISSIPPI NEAR VICKSBURG.—From Sketches by William Chamberlain, Jun.—[See Page 619.]



# THE OBI MAN

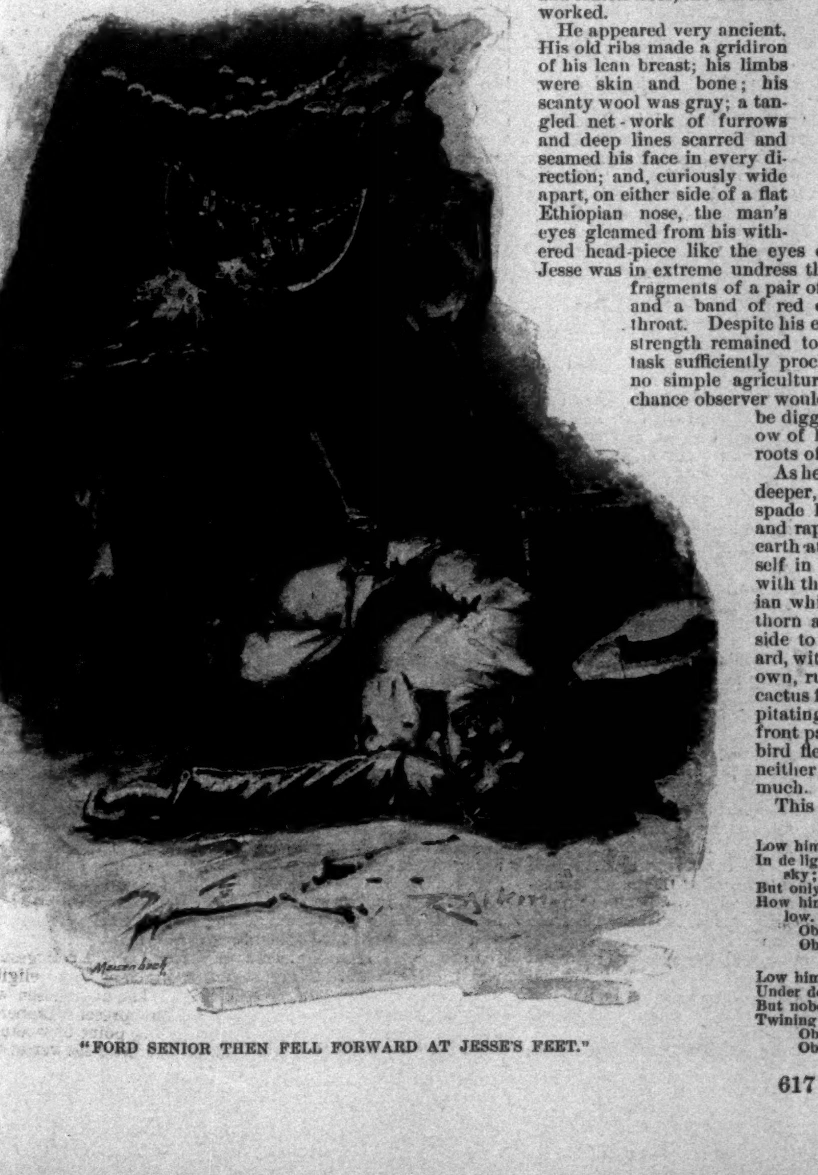
By

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

HIDDEN in the heart of a tropical tangle of tamarind and mango, palm and plantain, perched on the lonely apex of a lofty hill overlooking the Caribbean Sea, stands a hut beside a scanty patch of cleared land. The hut is thatched with dried cane-tops and the broad leaves of the palm; the sky is very blue above; hot air dances and shimmers against the baking earth and the dark green and orange-tawny of the forest beyond; a narrow strip of thorny cactus hedge fences the cultivated land. Here a cocoanut-palm or two rear their heads; here a clump of bananas, their broad leaves all frayed and tattered by sea-breezes, bend beneath giant clusters of fruit. A goat is tethered to a little pomegranate-tree in the garden; over the cleared soil itself grow vines of the sweet-potato.

This lonely habitation, situate on a mountain-side in the West-Indian isle of Tobago, belongs to a time-worn fragment of Ethiopian humanity—a disciple of mystery, a priest of Obeah.

Glance twice at his secluded, ragged hut, and signs of exceptional character and significance become instantly apparent. It lies very far removed from all other dwellings, for no black man would care to pitch his own home within sight or sound of it. The situation is silent and mysterious; the spot is adorned with strange fragments of things dead. Two eyeless bullocks' skulls ornament the entrance of our Obi Man's dwelling, and his land is fenced with a fantastic ribbon, whereon hang empty bottles, bright feathers, and fragments of gaudy rag. Within this weird zone no man may enter uninvited, and certain it is that no black man would do so; for Obeah is a real, terrible business still—a creed beyond the power of missionary to shatter or destroy; and the African negro would no more speak disrespectfully of it than of his own grandparents.



"FORD SENIOR THEN FELL FORWARD AT JESSE'S FEET."

Enter this hut and look round it, gradually observing the monstrous matters hidden in the gloom as your eyes become accustomed to the darkness. Dried mummies of beasts and men haunt the place, hang against its walls, and sit propped in corners, with a loathsome semblance of living about them. Festoons of birds' eggs and curious seeds and empty bottles hang across the roof. Skins of animals and birds litter the floor; strange malodorous smells greet the nostrils. There is a piece of red glass in the roof, and, thrown down through this, falls a round flaming eye of light. The illumination centres upon a little three-legged table, scattered over which lie strange, uncanny-looking fragments. Filth and mystery and darkness blend in grim combination here. Across one angle of the hut hangs a curtain which hides Arcanum—the Chamber of Horrors, or Holy of Holies, whichever your attitude towards Obeah inclines you to call it.

Jesse, the mystic himself, was in his garden. A great snakegourd trailed and twined over a pile of rubbish at one corner of the property, and here, hidden under the shadows of citron and lemon trees, the Obi Man worked.

He appeared very ancient. His old ribs made a gridiron of his lean breast; his limbs were skin and bone; his scanty wool was gray; a tangled net-work of furrows and deep lines scarred and seamed his face in every direction; and, curiously wide apart, on either side of a flat Ethiopian nose, the man's eyes gleamed from his withered head-piece like the eyes of a toad or other reptile. Jesse was in extreme undress that afternoon. Only a few fragments of a pair of trousers covered his loins, and a band of red cloth circled his weazened throat. Despite his evident age no little physical strength remained to him. Indeed, his present task sufficiently proclaimed the fact, for it was no simple agricultural operation. In fact, the chance observer would have said that Jesse must be digging a grave under the shadow of his citron and amongst the roots of his great snakegourd.

As he worked, getting deeper and deeper, ramming the broad wooden spade home with his horny feet, and rapidly increasing the pile of earth at his side, Jesse sang to himself in a piping old-man's treble, with the usual plaintive West-Indian whine. A blue bird sat on a thorn and put his head upon one side to hear the song; a green lizard, with eyes as bright as Jesse's own, rustled out from under the cactus fence and stopped, with palpitating, tremulous motion of his front paws, to listen also. Then the bird flew and the reptile fled, for neither enjoyed the song overmuch.

This is what Jesse sang;

Low him lie; low him lie,
In de light ob de moon and de twinkling sky;
But only de root ob de snakegard know
How him come to de hole so black, so low.
Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—do,
Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—do.

Low him lie; low him lie,
Under de light ob de moony sky;
But nobody see whar de snakegard grow,
Twining him roots far down below.
Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—do,
Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—do.

Low him lie; low him lie,
Where de worms dey crawl in de white man's eye;
But only de snakegard and Jesse know
Where him sleep so still in de hole so low.
Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—do,
Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—do.

The song rose and sank and seemed to hang in the trees and creep about like a live thing, while its last penetrating notes were answered by the crisp chirp, chirp of great winged crickets. Jesse's uncanny melody truly fitted the place, the man, and his task.

He worked on steadily, only stopping once, like Shakespeare's grave-digger, to address a fragment he suddenly exhumed. It was a flat-browed negro skull with low receding forehead; and Jesse set it before him on the grave's edge and spoke to it.

"Who was you, sar?" he asked, and gravely waited for a reply, which naturally did not come. "You no answer, sar—den you most rude, 'pertinent fellow!"

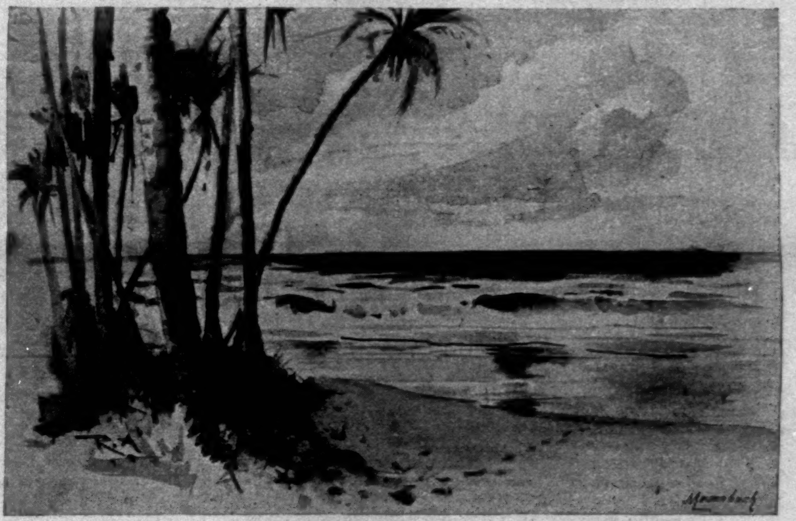
Whereupon he playfully smacked the empty brain-pan before him with his spade, and laughed—a cracked laugh—a horrible sort of chuckle which greatly frightened the goat tethered at hand.

Then the Obi Man grew suddenly sober and spoke to his skull again:

"You larf, too—eh? *You* larf! Me Gard! I dun'no' what *you* got to larf for. You's Jephson; dat's you; I 'member Jephson. Massa Ford, him want Jephson 'rub out,' and send him wid message to Jesse. Ah! an' now him want white man 'rub out'—why, Jesse, him berry bal'ble to Massa Ford. He, he!"

He labored in silence and dug on until his pit extended five feet underground. His next task was to conceal every sign of the aperture, and he set about hiding all traces of it with most artistic neatness. He buried the pile of damp earth under dead palm leaves, broken wood, and rubbish. Then he trailed over it a straggling shoot or two from the snakegourd. After that he covered the hole with thin planks and piled earth upon these, until the entire concern looked to be nothing but a newly turned furrow in the aforesaid patch of sweet potatoes.

Having made an end of the business, Jesse sought his outer gate, and posting himself there, screened his face from the glare of the sunshine and looked out, with his bright toad's eyes, down the steep hill before him. A magnificent tropical panorama, of savage forest, distant snowy beach, and wonderful sea, spread below; and winding up through the woods, struggling as it were with difficulty, through dense undergrowth and narrow places full of thorny cacti and trailing weeds, there ascended a bridle-path, flanked by bewildering tangles of foliage, and mighty tree, and volcanic bowlder. Here and there the flaming flowers of *bois immortelles* lighted the woods with crimson brightness; at other points, all festooned and linked together with twining and climbing parasites, or gray curtains of lacelike lichens, arose palmetto and palm and notable forest giants, some gleaming with wondrous blossoms, some bending under great wealth of varied fruits. And through the mingling draperies of green and brown, olive and gold, under the feathery crown of the bamboo, amongst the little green blossoms of the mango, or hovering before more brilliant flowers, flying like liquid gems in the prodigious glare of the sunlight, did humming-birds, with breasts of emerald and ruby, flash and dance. Every step or terrace in the steep acclivities of the hills was crowned with cocoanut or cabbage palm, and from point to point arose the gaunt bleached arms of some arboreal corpse, waiting for tempest to lower its dead limbs and blot it out from the great living hill-side. Far below glimmered a white beach, and through the woods, all silent in the great heat, arose a sigh of surf breaking—surf that, even from this elevation, could be seen lying like a band of silver between the gorgeous many-tinted sea and the pale shore.



"A LINE OF FOOTPRINTS RAN DOWN TO THE EDGE OF THE WATER—THAT WAS ALL."

Far away, on the western side of the hills, extended long, undulating fields of bright green vegetation. In their midst arose a building, with metal roof, flashing under the sun, and a tall black chimney. It was the Pelican Sugar Estate, an important and prosperous concern that stood, like an oasis, in a great desert of stagnation. For Tobago was a languishing island just then, and not a few different factors combined to depress and trouble the place. There was but little money moving, while black labor became harder and harder to command. Sugar culture, indeed, threatened to grow a played-out, futile industry, as had cotton-growing before it; and folks spoke hopelessly of the island's future, unless some new enterprises should soon be hit upon, and capital from fresh sources speedily flow in. But John Ford, overseer of the Pelican Estate, laughed at this universal lamentation, and pointed to his concerns as a standing refutation of the accepted fact that no good thing could now come out of Tobago.

Touching this man, and for the better understanding of what follows, a brief word must be spoken. He had labored here twenty long years on behalf of his uncle, one William

Ford, merchant, of Thames Street, London. He had toiled zealously, made handsome profits for his relation, gained that old man's good-will, and won from him a promise that when the said merchant should depart this life, and leave his goods to other hands, the Pelican Sugar Estate would be bequeathed to the present able overseer of it.

Upon the strength of which promise John Ford married a Creole girl, begot a large family, and prayed his uncle would make an end of living as soon as possible.

Time rolled on, the estates prospered, and their owner, instead of passing away, turned his London business into a company, and wrote informing his nephew that he designed to spend a portion of the coming winter in the West Indies.

John Ford, a man who was honest because he deemed honesty the best policy, and for that reason only, awaited his wealthy relation's advent with some interest, and discovered, when he presently arrived at Tobago, that Mr. William Ford was a pompous and powerful bachelor, hale in mind and body, sound at every point, clearly without any immediate intention of joining his ancestors. Uncle and nephew were extremely friendly, however; the elder man highly commended his overseer's conduct of affairs, and repeated his assurance that the Pelican Sugar Estate should in the future become the property of him and his heirs forever.

John Ford returned thanks with humble gratitude, and lavished upon the old man such West-Indian hospitality as Tobago is justly noted for. But, privately, the overseer grew glum and grim. He yearned for the green plantations; he was tired of making money for other people; he desired to send his growing lads home and give them the benefit of English educations. These things grew further off than ever now. His uncle cared nothing for growing lads; the old man proved, in fact, to have distinctly miserly instincts. He had even desired to cut down expenses on the estate at one or two points. And John Ford felt that Uncle William was a distinctly undesirable individual—a man whose decease must unquestionably tend to better the prospects of the entire community. He also recollected that life in the tropics is an uncertain matter, and prevailed upon Mr. Ford senior to extend his visit.

But when May came the old man found that the West Indies were getting too hot to hold him; and upon the afternoon of this narrative only two days' further sojourn remained of his stay in Tobago. Then the Royal Mail Company's "fast and commodious" packet *Solent* would sail for Barbadoes; and William Ford was going in her. About which time his nephew began to feel that desperate troubles need equally desperate remedies.

Jesse saw no sign of man or beast approaching his lonely den. He left the gate, therefore, went into his grewsome hut, and proceeded with preparations for coming guests. His own attire appeared to be the main and most important matter. Disappearing behind the curtain which screened his sanctum, the Obi Man entered upon the most weird, *bizarre*, unlovely toilet it is possible to imagine. On his head he placed a fur cap with long black horns, between which hung tinkling trophies of empty medicine-bottles and beads. Over his lean body and legs he drew hairy garments, coarsely painted with daubs of crimson and white. These things were girt upon him with a waist-belt of feathers. His lean black arms remained bare, but upon wrists and ankles he tied links of snake-skin and elaborate bracelets of red and black "crab's-eye" seeds. About his neck he festooned a chain of human teeth, and upon his breast he fastened a loathsome amulet—a shrivelled-up human fœtus—the hideous ghost of a thing that had never lived. He next painted sundry blue hieroglyphics over his wrinkled face, and then gazed at the general effect in a scrap of looking-glass. The sight evidently gave him unqualified pleasure.

"Yes, Obi somebody dis day," he said to his goat; and the beast was constrained to admit it.

If he looked unearthly in his own dim dwelling-house, Jesse's appearance under the sun's fierce eye was not less so. The brilliant scraps of cloth and daubs of paint now gleamed like fire; the glass bottles on his crest danced and jingled and flashed; a thousand fantastic trifles amidst his accoutrements, not before visible, now became painfully apparent. He had secured strange bribes from sailor clients in the past. Civilization, in the shape of a big jack-knife and a little brass-bound Bible, hung round his neck. Probably the Word of God never dangled in such strange company before. The horrid thing on his breast had yellow eyes stuck in its head; and now they glimmered with a sort of life, whilst its shrivelled little arms clung about its master and hugged him.

Then, down in the hot haze of the distance, partially hidden amid trees and rocks, our human monster saw indications of a small cavalcade struggling up the hill. A row of horsemen in single file were wrestling with the slippery, tortuous path, and Jesse could catch glimpses of white garments and brown horses, and hear the thud of hoofs and the sounds of human voices, raised in laugh or oath as one or another slipped and stumbled, or sat secure and watched others do so.

Then, again entering his home, he did all that remained to be done. He stooped low, routed amid *débris* in a corner, and, from a box hidden beneath it, removed a second smaller box, which was carefully wrapped up in paper. It contained a thick, glutinous, gray substance about the consistency of birdlime.

Taking some of the stuff upon a skewer, Jesse pulled back the ball of his left-hand middle finger until a space was left beneath the nail. Into this he carefully plastered his compound from the box. All his nails were particularly long and dirty, so this strangely anointed middle finger was not calculated to attract the least attention. Then he polished up the edge of his nail, hid away the box again, and disappearing behind his curtain, sat quietly down and waited for the coming party.

Presently the horsemen arrived and drew up before Jesse's gate. There were three of them—a lad, a man in his prime, and an elderly gentleman, the last very hot and very exhausted.

"I fear he's out," said the adult, looking about him. It was John Ford, a tall, brown individual, dressed in white, with a Panama hat on the back of his head. Twenty years of tropic sunshine had tanned him dark, had streaked his black hair with gray, had killed his conscience, but, thanks to his own temperate habits and fine constitution, had left his liver sound as a bell. The lad was John's son, and the elderly personage his uncle.

"Jesse! Jesse!" called out John Ford; and Jesse, who knew his visitors had arrived, and only waited their summons, now appeared and bowed low, while his finery made wild music.

"By Jove, we're lucky!" exclaimed the overseer; "I told you that you should see an Obi doctor, uncle, but I never thought he would have all his war-paint on."

"Tell him to get out of sight while I dismount," answered the old man. "No horse alive could stand a thing like that."

"Gib you good-day, Massa Ford; an' gib you good-day, Massa Jack; and gib you berry good day too, sar," said Jesse, bowing again and again.

"This is my uncle, Mr. William Ford, owner of the Pelican plantations, Jesse."

The Obi Man bent respectfully.

"Wonnerful esteate, massa—wonnerful cane on de Pelican land, sar. Come in, gemmen; I's proud to see you har."

They dismounted, tethered their horses, and followed the negro into his hut.

Jesse brought fruit and a bottle of rum, and directed Master Jack Ford, with whom he was on great terms of friendship, to get some calabashes from a corner.

"Wish I'd known ob dis har visit, sars; den Jesse 'd hab t'ings ready," he said.

But from what has passed we can only suppose this was a little bit of humbug on Jesse's part. He did "hab t'ings ready."

Mr. Ford senior sat and mopped his brow and breathed heavily. His climb in the hot sunlight had exhausted him a good deal. The overseer ate an orange, then lighted a cigar and began to talk. He was wonderfully cool for the time of day.

"You've got to thank Jesse, I can tell you, Uncle William," he said. "Why, he's been worth pounds and pounds to you. At one time a tremendous deal of sugar-cane was stolen here. The black thieves came by night—"

"He, he! black tiefs come by night," interrupted Jesse.

"And simply took tons of stuff," continued John Ford. "I placed the matter in the hands of the parson and the police, but they could do no good. Then I came to Jesse, and he had things right in no time."

"T'ings right in no time," echoed the old negro.

"You see, Jesse put your lands under Obeah, Uncle William. Of course I don't believe in all that rubbish any more than you do, but Obeah is a real terrible thing to the niggers. Our friend here just threw a spell over the place, and hung red rags and empty bottles and feathers about on the skirts of the plantations, and devil another cane went."

"Debble anudder cane go—he, he!" sniggered Jesse.

Presently it transpired that this was William Ford's last excursion in Tobago. He and his nephew and the boy Jack had ridden up from the Pelican Estate below to see Jesse—one of the greatest curiosities in the island. Having spent half an hour in his company, the party intended to go down to the beach and enjoy a bath before returning to Scarborough, the seaport town.

John Ford knew Jesse pretty well, perhaps better even than people supposed. Curious things had happened in Tobago once or twice, and recalcitrant colored gentlemen from the Pelican Estate had been unaccountably missed. But, of course, individual Ethiopian lives did not command much attention; and because a man disappeared it by no means followed that ill must have befallen him. There was plenty of room in the island.

"Seen any turtle on the beach lately?" asked Jack.

"Plenty turtle, sar. I takes walk on moony nights, and see de sand all 'libe wid turtles."

"And the sea with sharks, eh?" laughed John Ford. "We're going for a dip before dusk," he added; "but not in the open water. There's a little natural bathing-place below, hemmed in with rocks. I've had the sea-hedgehogs cleared out of it, and now it's perfect. You know it, Jack?"

Mr. William Ford presently declared that he felt much better and completely rested. Then the entire party walked round Jesse's garden, and he showed them the objects of interest.

"Dat snakegard, massa, and dem creepy gards like snakes, dey grow 'libe at night and crawl 'bout. And dat tree dar, silk-cotton-tree—de Obeah tree, sar—what 'loogaroo' put him skin under when him go out."

"A loupgarou is a sort of vampire," explained Jack; "he's a terrible chap, Jesse, isn't he?"

"Oh, him terrible bad fellow, sar," admitted the Obi Man.

Presently our visitors, having seen all Jesse's wonders, were preparing to depart. As they proceeded to his gate their host stopped suddenly with evident dismay. "Gemmen," he exclaimed, "why, you no drink wid me!"

"Then we certainly will do so," answered the elder Ford, good-naturedly. And this he said because, as they ascended the hill, his nephew had casually mentioned that to refuse liquid refreshment from the mystery man was a terrible affront in his eyes.

They returned to the hut for a moment, and Jesse directed Jack to rinse out four split calabash-bowls while he drew the cork from a stone bottle of rum.

"Make Master Jack's very weak, please, Jesse," said the overseer.

Then the negro, endeavoring to get a look of cheery hospitality into his bright toad's eyes, poured out four bowls of refreshment. He handed one to each guest, and reserved the fourth for himself. A very acute observer might have noticed that the long bony middle finger of Jesse's left hand rested for a brief while in one of those calabashes—that destined for Mr. William Ford.

The boy, draining his weak rum and water, went out to the horses, and a minute later his father followed him.

"Uncle has changed his mind about that bathe, Jack," he said. "The old gentleman is going to rest a little longer, and then follow us. We have arranged to meet at the gate of the estate and ride home together. I'm not sorry he's given up the idea. Come along."

And in the mean while Ford senior had drunk half his rum and water, and then suddenly fallen forward at Jesse's feet.

"Where's my nephew?" he asked, feebly; "there's something wrong with me. I cannot see."

"Massa Ford back in a moment, sar. Hot sun, sar. Dam hot sun. Drink, sar, quick. Jesse put you right."

He handed the old man his calabash of spirit and water, and again a long black finger touched the liquid in it.

Then the Obi Man went out and looked down the hill. Jack's boyish laughter echoed away in the woods. Presently it grew faint and ceased. There was no further sound save Mr. William Ford's horse tethered at the gate. Sometimes it stamped its hoof or dragged at its bridle to reach fresh grass, while with unceasing swish, swish, swish from side to side its tail kept the flies off.

Then the day drew to a close, and the glorious gold and crimson of a tropical sunset flamed over the hill-side and painted the sea below; while Jesse took off his insignia of office and donned the scanty remains of a pair of trousers again and busied himself with sundry matters.

John Ford and his merry boy enjoyed their dip in the Caribbean, and afterwards rode as arranged to the entrance of the Pelican Estate, there to meet the owner thereof. But he did not come. Then, the hour growing late, the scant twilight having nearly sped, they suspected their relation, tired of waiting, had proceeded alone towards Scarborough.

"His road lies straight before him, he cannot miss it. We will hurry to overtake him," said John Ford.

But father and son overtook nobody, and were in some consternation on reaching home to find that Uncle William had not arrived.

Jack was instantly sent off to rouse the authorities, while John Ford, with a friend or two, rode back to the Obi Man's hut. It was a trying matter, struggling up the hill in darkness, but they managed it. The tree-frogs raised their little voices in the palms; bigger batrachians boomed up from the marshes; fire-flies spangled the darkness; strange sounds and rustlings of nocturnal life were audible everywhere. But to West-Indians such concerns appeared no more remarkable than at home the gleam of a gas-lamp or the rattle of a cab in deserted streets at midnight. The only thought in their minds was to reach Jesse's hut with all possible speed; and this they presently did.

"Massa no come! Why, Jesse walk down de hill wid him. He went ebber so soon after you, Massa Ford. He said he catch you and go bade. He make up his mind to bade, sar."

"Bathe! I hope to heaven he didn't," said the overseer, uneasily. "There's only one safe spot on the beach—where I went with Jack."

His friends soothed his alarm. They opined that an old man of sixty at the least would hardly be likely to have gone bathing alone; but time proved John Ford's fears to be well grounded, and showed that Jesse had told the truth.

No sign of Uncle William appeared that night. At dawn upon the following morning, however, a brown horse was found tethered to a cocoanut-palm on the shore, and near the animal lay a pile of clothes.

Uncle William had taken the wrong turn, and evidently making up his mind to enjoy a bathe at all costs, had done so. It was a wonderful performance, even for such a hale, hearty man. Doubtless the Tobago sharks could tell the sequel to it. His watch was in his pocket, his money also; nothing had been touched. A line of footprints ran down over the dry sand to the edge of the water—that was all.

John Ford appeared to be terribly prostrated. The fact that the Pelican Estate presently became his own property, and that his young sons would now be able to enjoy English educations, gave him very little pleasure. He blamed himself bitterly, and would not be comforted either by his wife or his friends for fully six months. Then he cheered up a little.

Harmless old Jesse continues to be a great institution at Tobago.

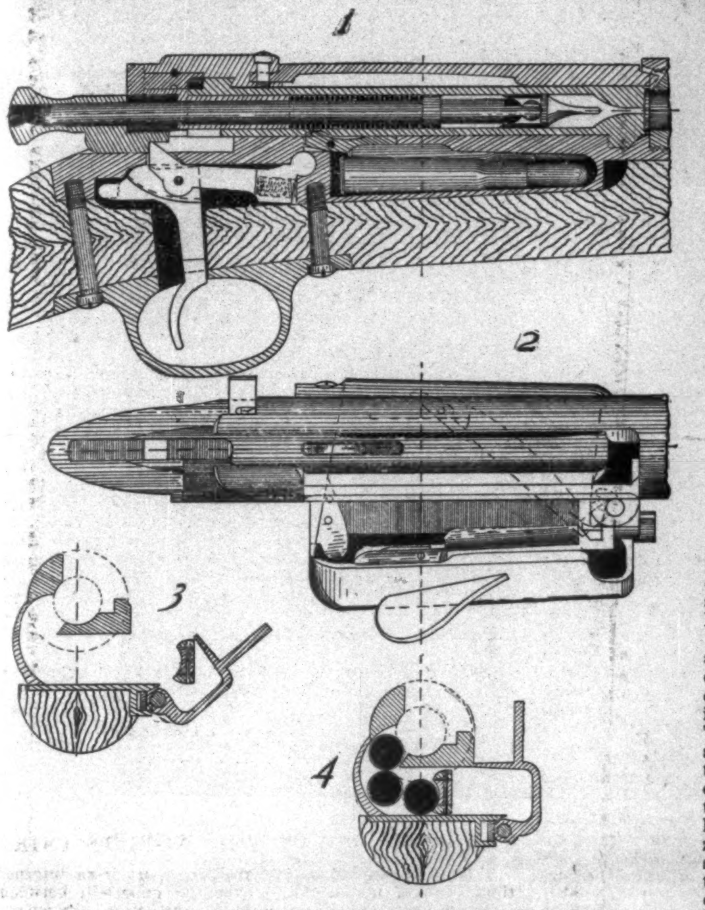
He tends his garden, and sometimes sings snatches of that curious song, in the piping voice of extreme age.

> Low him lie; low him lie,
> Where de worms dey crawl in de white man's eye;
> But only de snakegard and Jesse know
> Where him sleep so still in de hole so low.
> Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—do,
> Obeah—die—Obeah—Obeah—do.

## GERMAN DAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

There were some special reasons, apart from international comity in general, or even the good-will between Germany and the United States in particular, why everybody interested in the success of the World's Fair should also have been interested in the success of the celebration of German day. During the exercises of the day Mayor Harrison boasted himself to be the Mayor of the third German city in the world—a claim which might perhaps be contested by New York, but hardly by any city in Germany itself. But the particular reason why Germany should be honored at Chicago just now is the magnitude, extent, and costliness of the German exhibit. It is impossible to enter any department without being impressed with the conviction that the German display is out of proportion to our present commercial relations with Germany, as compared with other countries. Moreover, it is believed and said in Chicago that the greatness of the German exhibit is due to the direct exertions of the government, and this in turn to the personal interest the Emperor has taken in the exposition. Since Germany was not invited to Paris four years ago, it was natural that Germany should strive to be particularly well seen at the next international competition that occurred thereafter, and this happens to be at Chicago. Herr Krupp has made upon the exhibition of his bellicose monsters of cannon an outlay actually exceeding the appropriation of any State of the Union excepting Illinois, and this exhibit must be a source of wonder to those who consider how slender a market the United States offer for Herr Krupp's wares. It cannot be explained on commercial grounds, but it is very plausibly explained by the relation that the Emperor, on a visit to Essen, personally requested the great gun-maker to exhibit at Chicago. There is doubtless a commercial motive underlying the manifestly extraordinary efforts of Germany, and that is the hope of an extension of trade with South as well as with North America. This purpose, with some others, seems to be attested by the fact that many of the German exhibits are labelled in English, German, and Spanish, but not in French. It is agreed also that in the completeness of the German exhibit there are seen the results of great ability, energy, and tact on the part of the German Commissioner, Herr Adolf Wermuth. The German building erected under his direction is not only one of the most interesting pieces of architecture on the grounds, but it is also by far the most nationally typical of any, being a really delightful example of the half-timbered châteaux or schlösser, which at the time of the German Renaissance succeeded the feudal castles, and in it is housed the educational exhibit, which is one of the most creditable and interesting of all the German displays.

About the complete success of German day there can be no question at all, since it was by far the most successful day the fair had thus far enjoyed. The attendance, which upon the opening day was 128,000, and upon Memorial day 145,000, rose on German day, far beyond precedent or expectation, to 193,000. A procession, comprising 16,000 members of German organizations, formed in the city in the morning, and paraded the streets before making its way to the grounds. Here the centre of attraction and congestion was the German Building, which occupies a very eligible and roomy site near the Lake Front. The day chosen was the anniversary of the accession of the present Emperor, and it proved to be absolutely perfect in point of weather, with the exception of a brief but brisk little shower at the close of the exercises, which somewhat curtailed the eloquence of Mayor Harrison. Native Americans must often envy the Germans their capacity for pageant-making; and given the crowd and the weather, it is needless to say that the exercises were highly successful. They consisted in speeches, of which the chief was the sober, thoughtful, and eloquent address of Mr. Carl Schurz, and in music, choral and instrumental, of which a pleasant feature was the performance of the "Wacht am Rhein" by the Saragossa band, which the Spanish Infanta left to represent her at Chicago. Afterwards there was another and more limited demonstration at the Festival Music Hall, with speeches by officers of the exposition, and music by a German chorus and the Thomas Exposition Orchestra, the formal festivities being concluded with an athletic exhibition by the Turners at the Live-Stock Pavilion, and the informal festivities spreading all over the fair grounds and the Midway Plaisance, and lasting until nearly midnight.



1. Longitudinal Section of Breech and Magazine Mechanism in Firing Position. 2. Plan View, with Bolt removed, of Receiver and Magazine—Gate open, ready for Insertion of Cartridges. 3. Cross Section corresponding to Fig. 2. 4. Cross Section of Receiver and Magazine, with latter partly full.

## THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE RIFLE.

BY CAPTAIN STANHOPE E. BLUNT, ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT, U.S.A.

At the period when the present century was passing through its central decade the soldiers of our service were provided with a small-arm capable of delivering about two shots per minute, and having a range of about 200 yards. Twenty years later, the muzzle-loading smooth-bore having given place to the rifled breech-loader, the number of shots and the effective range were thereby increased tenfold; and now the lapse of another twenty years is about to witness a further great advance, as the new magazine rifle for the United States army, which will soon be turned out at the Springfield Armory, is capable, in expert hands, of firing nearly forty shots per minute, and has a range of about 4000 yards.

This summary expresses succinctly the progress in military small-arms that has occurred within a short lifetime. The details of the movement are as interesting as in its entirety it is marvellous. In the various steps, besides the substitution of the rifled barrel for the smooth-bore, the magazine principle for the single action, and the introduction of the metallic cartridge, have also been included a gradual reduction in the calibre of the piece, with the consequent decrease in the weight of ammunition, and of late years the adoption of smokeless powder in place of the gunpowder in use for centuries.

In fact, magazine arms, small calibres, and smokeless powder now appear as a combination in which each feature is an adjunct necessary to the other and to the complete success of the soldier's weapon.

As magazine systems were gradually developed, the necessity of meeting the increased expenditure of ammunition by giving the soldier a greater number of cartridges became evident; but as he was already loaded to the limit generally considered possible, this could only be accomplished by diminishing the weight of the single round. To do this the bore of the barrel was changed from the 0.40 or 0.45 then in use in Europe and this country to a calibre of about 0.30, which, to borrow an illustration frequently employed, is about the diameter of an ordinary lead-pencil.

The large amount of fouling incident to the gunpowder charge so clogged these small barrels as to impair their accuracy, and led to the perfection of the nitrate or popularly so-called smokeless powders, which leave very little unconsumed residue on discharge, and also possess the advantage of giving a vastly greater velocity to the bullet. This increase in velocity, very desirable in itself, brought, however, an added complication in the necessity for a sharper twist to the rifling which gives the rotation that maintains the bullet-point on its flight; but the old lead bullet, instead of following this new twist, would strip through it without properly revolving; and to secure the rotation—an essential to accuracy of fire—it became necessary to coat the lead with some harder metal, so the present small-calibre bullet is now composed of a jacket of copper, nickel, or steel covering a slug of lead.

The complicated cartridge is slightly over 3 inches in length and shaped like a bottle; it has a bullet weighing 220 grains (instead of the 500-grain ball that the soldiers now fire), to which a charge of about 37 grains of smokeless powder gives a velocity of 2000 feet per second, causing the trajectory or path the bullet follows in flight to be much flatter than with the old Springfield rifle bullet, and up to 600 yards not further from the ground than the height of a man. An extreme nicety in the determination of the distance of the objective is therefore no longer so necessary to accuracy of fire, nor are small adjustments of elevation so important. This, with the increased penetration of the bullet, which now would inflict a wound upon three or four men in column, added to the number of rounds carried by the soldier—175 of the new cartridges weighing the same as only 100 of the old—makes the coming rifle a vastly more effective weapon in action than the Springfield single-loader of the present day.

The magazine rifle to use this ammunition, for whose manufacture preparations are now being pushed at the government armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, was selected from about fifty other weapons by a board of army officers first convened in the fall of 1890. This board examined and tested not only the rifles now in the hands of the troops of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Japan, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, and Switzerland, but those presented by the leading gun-inventors of this country and abroad. Subsequently, before another board, the question was reopened and more guns examined. The arm finally chosen is upon the Krag-Jörgensen system, so named from its inventors, Captain O. Krag, director of the royal small-arms factory at Kongsberg, Norway, and Mr. E. Jörgensen, an armorer there employed. Another weapon, upon the same general system, is now in use in Denmark, but the new United States rifle only distantly resembles that arm, having many important modifications and additions or omissions. Its design is not generally known abroad, and has never been tested there. It is the most recent weapon to be introduced in any army, and is superior to any now in service or known here or in Europe.

The accompanying drawings show the action of the breech and magazine mechanism. The magazine belongs to the class located centrally, the cartridges, five in number, lying below the receiver. They can be held in reserve in the magazine by a device called the cut-off, while the gun is used as a single-loader, and can be thrown into action by a touch of the finger. Auxiliary chargers or quick loaders can be used in filling the magazine, or the cartridges can be introduced singly from the soldier's belt or box; and this can be accomplished whether the cut-off is open or shut, whether the breech bolt be pushed forward or back, or whether the magazine is entirely empty or partly full. These important considerations thus fulfil the requirement that the mechanism of the arm be susceptible of use in any condition, no matter how it may have been first placed by the soldier under excitement of action.

The gate or door of the magazine turns on a hinge nearly parallel to the bore, and when opened affords a passageway for the introduction of the cartridges; closing the gate, the magazine spring comes into bearing upon the cartridges, and tends to push them successively around under the receiver, and finally into it from its left side. This spring, when the gate is opened, is, by a very clever arrangement peculiar to the system, retracted within the gate, thus clearing the passageway.

Like all the best small-arms of the present day, the breech system is upon the sliding-bolt principle instead of the revolving block of the Springfield or Remington. It is manipulated by turning the handle upwards and to the left, and subsequently drawing it directly to the rear; reversing these movements closes and locks the mechanism, a lug on the forward end of the bolt taking into a recess in the bottom of the receiver, and aided by the base of a guide rib on the bolt itself sustaining it under the shock of discharge. By the earlier movement of the handle the firing-pin is slightly retracted from the head of the cartridge; as the movement continues, the bolt, besides revolving, moves slightly back, starting the empty shell in the chamber, and also, through the intervention of inclined surfaces or cams on the rear of the bolt body, partly compressing the mainspring. Then drawing back the bolt brings out the empty shell, which by the ejector is thrown out to the ground.

A cartridge can now be placed in the receiver in front of the bolt, or if the cut-off is arranged for magazine fire one will rise from the magazine; in either case advancing the bolt pushes this cartridge into the chamber, where it is fully seated, the bolt locked, and the compression of the mainspring completed by the final rotation of the bolt; a pull upon the trigger then discharges the piece. It will be observed that the greater part of the work is accomplished as the bolt is revolved and when its action is aided by powerful cams, operated without bringing any undue strain on the soldier's hand; the manipulation of the piece does not therefore so much fatigue him as with arms not having this quality, and as the recoil is less than with the present gun, the man is able to sustain the rapidly repeated shocks of discharge. As the smokeless powders employed rapidly heat the gun-barrels, a short wooden covering is placed over the rear of the barrel to protect the soldier's hand when aiming or when carrying the gun.

Our new weapon weighs about 8¾ pounds, and is exceedingly pleasing and symmetrical in appearance; the barrel is 30 inches long, rifled with four grooves, each three times the width of the lands, and making one turn in 10 inches; the calibre of the bore is 0.30.

For the triangular bayonet of our last and many preceding wars a knife bayonet has been substituted, having a blade 12 inches long. It can be readily adjusted to the gun when required as a bayonet; or when detached can be used for cutting brush, or with fair success as a hasty intrenching tool.

The Springfield now about to be replaced by the new weapon has given general satisfaction to the army and the national guard of the majority of the States. It is undoubtedly a good gun, but the inevitable progress of the passing years has at last produced a weapon more efficient as a single-loader, and possessing the added advantage of a simple and convenient magazine, holding its reserve of ammunition for the supreme moment of an action, and then capable of great intensity of fire. To this younger rival our old friend must yield, and in laying it aside we will hope that its successor will as fully meet the new conditions of modern warfare as the old arm did those prevailing in its day and generation.

## DISASTROUS FLOODS.

The great flood wave that is now passing out of the Mississippi has done its worst in that portion of the great valley between the Arkansas and Red rivers, and it is now possible to present some idea of the mischief it has done. So far, it ranks among the most destructive floods of the present decade, even though the long line of levees protecting the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta remains unbroken, and only a small proportion of its 4,500,000 acres is at all affected. The west bank of the river has suffered heavily, however, and at this moment a large part of its population is dependent on charity for subsistence. Arkansas's losses are great, but the northeastern parishes of Louisiana have been visited with especial severity. Seven interior parishes, comprised in the Tensas basin, have a large area overflowed, while fifty per cent. of the cultivated lands of East Carroll, Madison, and Tensas parishes are now inundated. These three parishes alone will suffer a diminution of their cotton crop approximating 60,000 bales, valued at $1,800,000. The loss in other crops is also very large. The river is falling very slowly at Vicksburg, and consequently the prospect for growing food crops on the lands now flooded is extremely doubtful, not to say desperate. The aggregate loss within a radius of 100 miles of Vicksburg is scarcely below $5,000,000. Warren County, in which the city is situated, suffers ten per cent. of this loss. Wyly's Crevasse, which is chiefly responsible for the destruction of crops in the three parishes named, is now fully a mile wide.

J. F. Battaile, Vicksburg.

## MEDALS FOR NEW YORK FIREMEN.

Four gold medals were awarded to New York firemen recently, in recognition of heroism on the part of two of them, and of good discipline on the part of two others who were captains of companies. The men who won the medals for heroism were both common firemen.

The presentation was made by the Mayor of the city at a stand erected on Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson. Chief Bonner pinned the medals to the breasts of the brave winners.

This ceremony was followed by a parade, and a very pretty and spirited exhibition, in which ten fire-engines and two hook-and-ladder trucks were made to answer an imaginary alarm of fire. They went dashing at full speed past the thousands of spectators gathered near the stand, the horses tossing their heads and manes, the apparatus swaying from side to side and spitting clouds of smoke and sparks, bells clanging, whistles shrieking, and firemen clinging on mysteriously, like flies.

The awarding of these medals takes place every other year. Medals for two years are then due; for it is a singular thing that in the Fire Department of this great city there are only two rewards open each year to competition, and of these only one is for the encouragement of heroic endeavor in saving fire-imperilled human life.

Patrick F. Lucas, a fireman of Engine 24, won the Bennett Medal for 1891 for bravery at a tenement-house fire at 52 Dominick Street. Firemen brought thirty persons out of that fierce blaze. Two of these were unconscious. Two others were dead.

Lucas climbed up the front fire-escape. There were persons in a window on the fifth floor, but he could go no further than the fourth. So he placed one foot on the railing of the fire-escape, and leaning far out to one side, rested his other foot on a window-sill. Bracing himself with one hand, he reached up the other and helped four persons from the window. It was a deed of strength and daring.

The Bennett Medal for 1892 went to Patrick H. Aspell, a fireman of Hook and Ladder 4, for an act of heroic daring which has had few equals. He was on top of a swaying ladder which fell short by a whole story of a fifth-floor window from which Mrs. Julia Knapp was leaning. Fire and smoke were behind her, and there was no time to descend and get a longer ladder.

Aspell twisted one leg about the top rung of the ladder, and supporting himself with his other leg, leaned out at a sharp angle. This required great strength. The ladder swayed fearfully.

"Jump!" shouted Aspell.

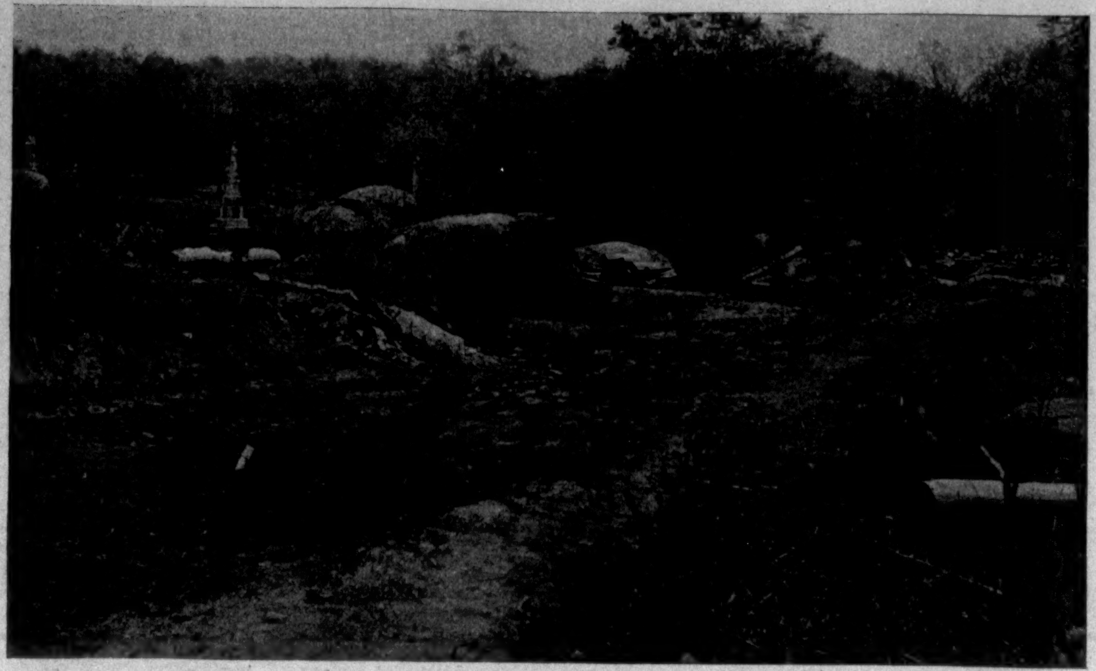
The woman jumped, and the fireman caught her. There was a moment when this sudden addition of weight made the escape of both from an awful fall a fearful improbability. Then the man's nerve and strength came to the rescue. Slowly he recovered his balance, and carried the woman down amid cheers. This was real heroism.

This Bennett Medal was established, in 1868, by the late James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York *Herald*. He wanted to recognize the gallant work of the firemen when his own house was burned, and to offer some encouragement for saving life. He gave $1500, the interest of which purchases one gold medal each year. It is the only reward in the department for heroic conduct.

It seems very strange indeed that the Fire Department does not provide some adequate rewards for bravery, such as this gift of a private citizen. There is a Roll of Merit, but a place on that does not necessarily signify bravery at life-saving. Each year many heroic deeds are done by our gallant fire-fighters which win no fitting recognition.

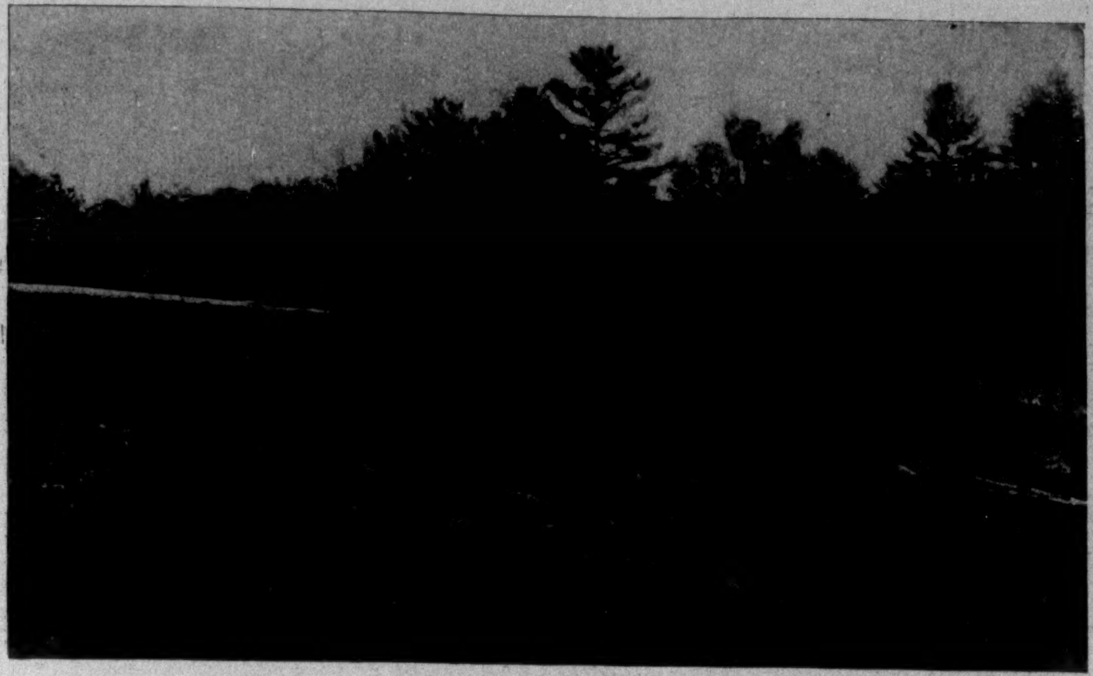
The two other awards were the Stephenson medals for 1891 and 1892. They are purchased with the interest of a small fund established by John Stephenson in 1883. They are of gold, and much smaller than the Bennett medals. They are for the encouragement of discipline and efficiency in companies, and are open to competition by captains.

Captain Joseph P. Byrne, of Engine 18, won the Stephenson Medal for 1891. Captain Patrick F. Ryan, of Engine 57, was the winner for 1892. Robert Sterling Yard.

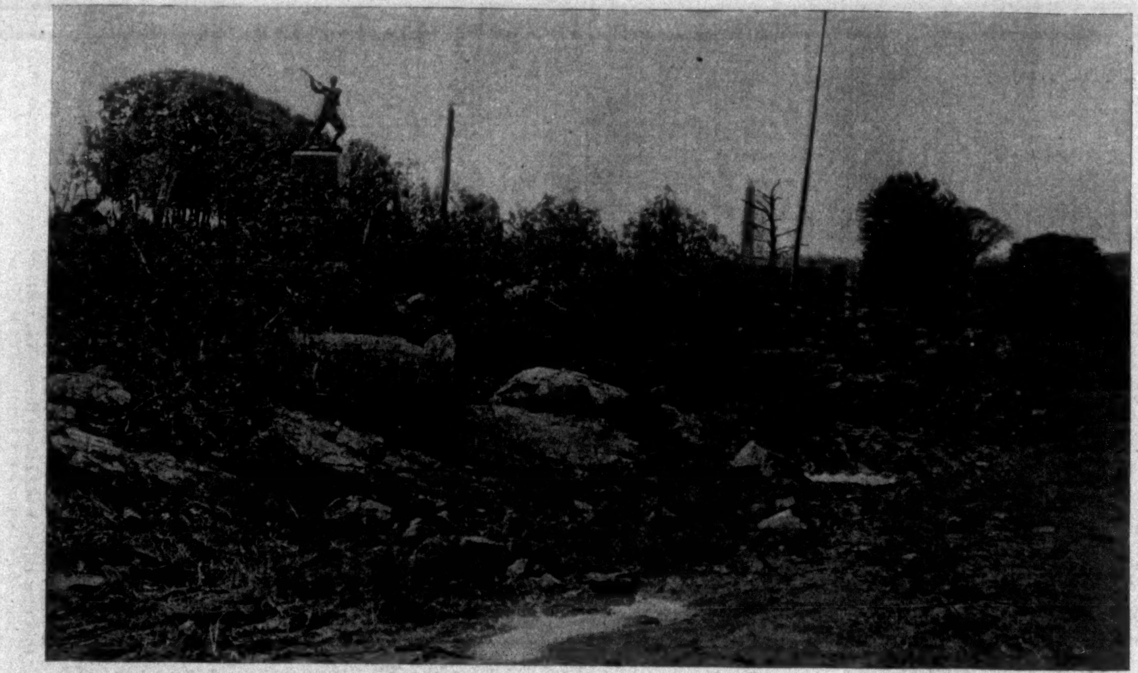


AT THE "LOOP"—SOUTHWEST OF THE WHEAT FIELD.

Near this spot the First Brigade of the Third Corps formed for the final assault on the afternoon of the second day. The uncompleted cut is shown in the foreground.



THE BIG FILL IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH AT PLUM RUN, BETWEEN THE DEVIL'S DEN AND BIG ROUND TOP.



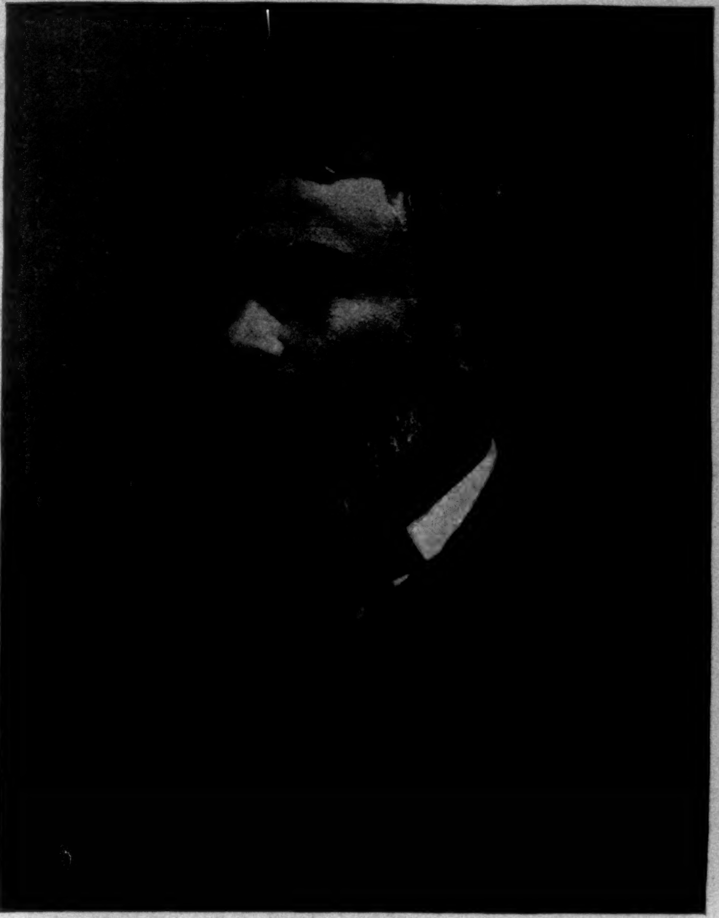
IN FRONT OF THE "BLOODY ANGLE."

All the rocks in the foreground have been blasted away, and a cut two feet deep runs along here. The line of bushes marks the famous stone fence over which Pickett's Division of Confederates charged. The monument in the left background, with the bronze figure of a soldier swinging a clubbed musket, is that of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Regiment. The "Copse of Trees," the high water-mark of the Rebellion, just in rear of monument.

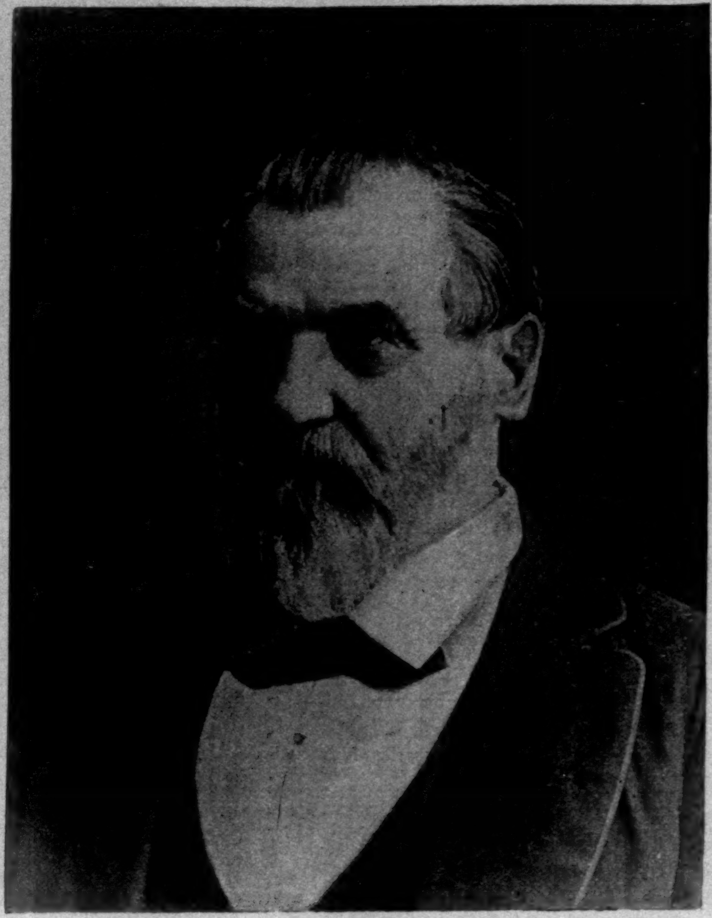
FILL AT ZEIGLER'S GROVE, EAST END.

The white streak in centre is continuation of the fill. The National Cemetery and gateway to same in the distance.

THE DESECRATION OF GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 622.]



WALTER BESANT.

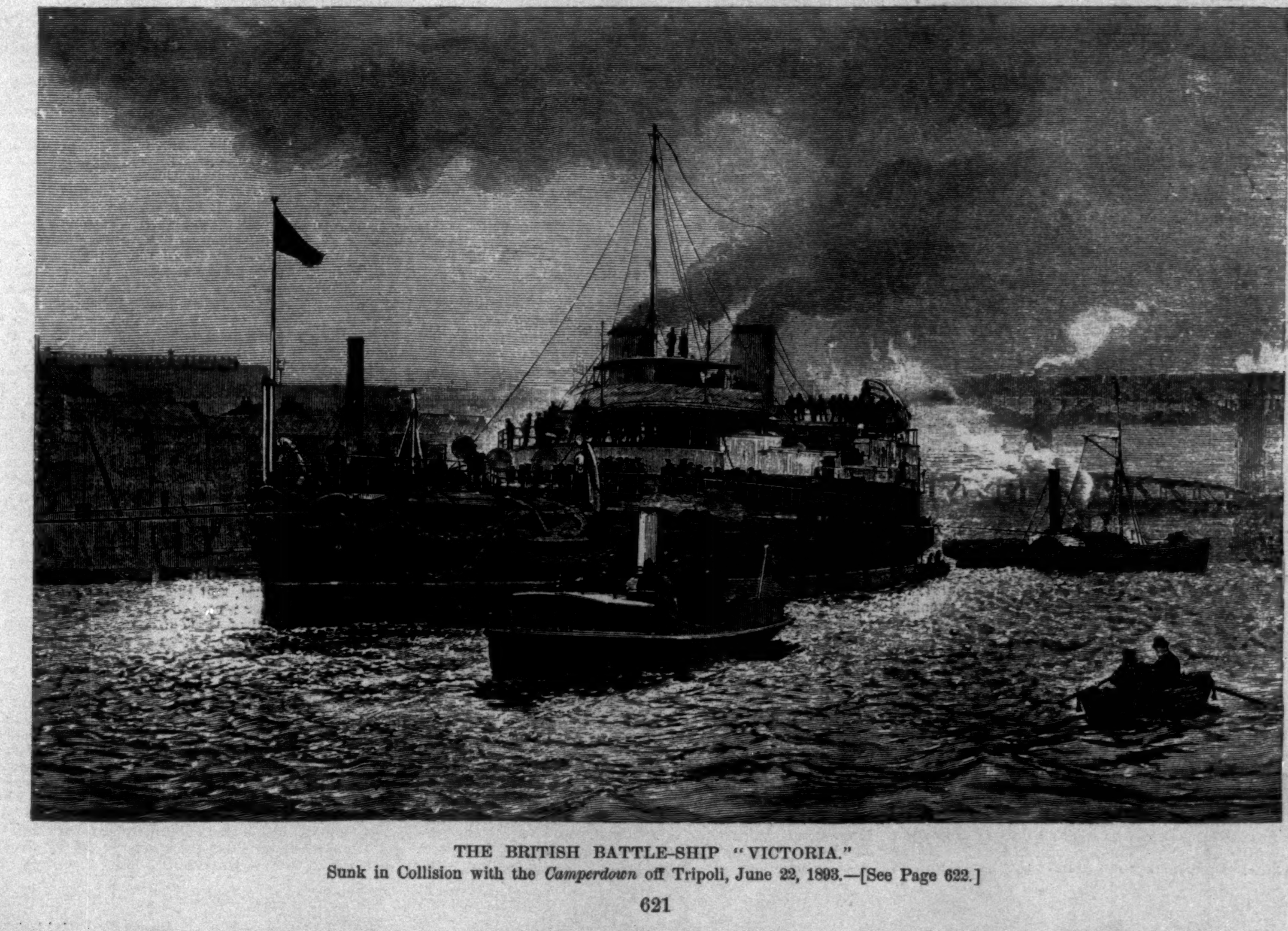


THE LATE LELAND STANFORD,
United States Senator from California.—[See Page 632.]

## WALTER BESANT.

**Mr. Walter Besant** is one of the few men of the day who may fairly lay claim to a high degree of success in at least four different lines of intellectual effort. As a novelist he is widely known on both sides of the Atlantic, and by no class better known or more kindly esteemed than by the readers of Harper's periodicals. As what may be called, for want of a better term, a social reformer, his title rests on that interesting and remarkable institution, "The People's Palace," which had its origin in his book, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, Mr. Besant still being one of the trustees of the Palace. For more than twenty years he has been an active and efficient worker in connection with the Palestine Exploration Fund, of which organization he was for a long time the honorary secretary. In connection with Professor Palmer, as far back as 1871, he wrote a *History of Jerusalem*, and has since been editor of the *Survey of Palestine*, and one of the founders of the Palestine Pilgrims' Society. But what, to the student of literature, gives Mr. Besant one of the strongest claims to admiration is the appreciative work that opened his literary career. This was in the field of early French literature. His first book—in 1868, when he was but thirty years of age, and had but recently resigned a place as senior professor in the Royal College of Mauritius—was *Studies in Early French Poetry*. In 1873 appeared his *French Humorists;* in 1877, *Rabelais;* in 1882, *Readings from Rabelais* (in "Ancient and Modern Classics); and in 1879, *Coligny*, in a biographical series. It was all sound work in a rich but difficult field, and it afforded excellent training to a mind at once studious and imaginative.

There is not space in this brief notice to trace in detail the peculiar and fruitful partnership between Mr. Besant and Mr. James Rice. It began almost by accident in 1871, and lasted for ten years, until the death of Mr. Rice in 1881. In all there were some dozen novels written by them in this time, besides a number of short stories. Perhaps the most popular of the joint novels was "The Golden Butterfly," written for Edmund Yates's *World* in 1876. Since the death of Mr. Rice, Mr. Besant has attained a wide repute by the product of his own pen. The most-known of his books are *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and *The Children of Gibeon*, which related especially to the life of the poor in that urban nation, London. But *Dorothy Forster, a Tale of the Days of the Pretender*, a historical novel, is a very strong work of a most trying type, in which the author's close study of the early days bears fruit. Mr. Besant is in the United States as a delegate to the Authors' Congress in Chicago, which meets July 10th, and is to present his views of the relations of authors and publishers—views that are very firmly held and vigorously advocated. He will previously visit New England. A novel by him, "The Rebel Queen," is now running in *Harper's Bazar*.



THE BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP "VICTORIA."
Sunk in Collision with the *Camperdown* off Tripoli, June 22, 1893.—[See Page 622.]

# THIS BUSY WORLD

WHAT will the experts in psychology say to the suggestions submitted by Mr. Thomson Jay Hudson in his new book about *The Law of Psychic Phenomena?* Mr. Hudson explains all the psychical mysteries, including spiritism, telepathy, hypnotism, mind-cure, clairvoyance, and haunted houses, by the hypothesis of a subjective mind, which is capable of being directly impressed and informed without its proprietor's consciousness. He says that most of the people who ought to know are convinced that there is a dynamic force residing somewhere which can move ponderable objects without physical contact, and which possesses an intelligence which makes it clear that it must emanate from the spirits of the living or the dead. He finds satisfactory reasons for believing that it emanates from the spirits of the living. He finds much that is edifying in the phenomena of spiritism, but nothing that seems to him to prove any communication with the spirits of the dead. He contends that two subjective minds whose bodies are far apart can communicate during sleep, and cites remarkable examples of such communication. He has experimented in psycho-therapeutics, and tells of more than a hundred cases of cures by suggestion, in most of which the patient did not know that he was being treated. In many of these cases, too, the experimenter and the patient were separated by long distances. Once he cured a relative of a desperate nervous disorder accompanied by rheumatism. The invalid did not know of the experiment, but two other persons did. The improvement began when the treatment began. While the cure was going on the patient and the healer were a thousand miles apart. This is a stiff story, but Christian scientists, claiming to be both sane and truthful, tell just as stiff ones in very great variety.

Judgment cannot here be given on the merits of Mr. Hudson's hypothesis. It is for the experts, like Professor Jastrow, to say whether it is a good one or not. It may not be unduly presumptuous for a layman to remark that the matters which the hypothesis attempts to explain offer an exceptionally inviting field for explanation. There are a whole set of phenomena that people who have prided themselves on their sanity have been used to explain by the hypothesis that all men are liars, but that method doesn't work as well as it did. Hypnotism, for all it is so queer, has become so scientific, and is treated with so much deference by the learned, that general denial isn't as good a tool to use on mysteries as it was. It is an embarrassing time when a man who desires nothing better of his mind than that it shall hold respectable opinions on all subjects is hard put to it in many instances to find out what the cheapest and most desirable opinions are. When a well-meaning person commits himself to the belief that telepathy is humbug, or that haunted houses are rats, or that cures by suggestion are incredible, and then goes out and discovers that there seems to be better value in some other view, it mortifies him and lowers his self-esteem.

There is the superstition about unlucky houses, of which the Blaine house in Washington is just now the most notorious example, and which is enough to make a conservative common-sense real-estate agent pound his head against the bricks. The proper commercial spirit in which to meet that superstition is embodied in the sentiment, "Give me good plumbing, and I will risk the luck." But Mr Hudson thinks it conceivable that the emotions of persons who suffered unduly in particular houses may somehow stick around the premises and bother impressionable tenants who come after. He tells of a London lady who hired a house and was straightway seized with a persistent longing to study art. She did so, and became proficient, and did not find out until afterwards that the tenant who had preceded her had been an enthusiastic devotee of art. The same lady hired another house years afterwards, but had to leave it because of its depressing influences. Inquiry brought out the fact that the house had once been occupied by a cruel husband, who had abused his wife and finally abandoned her, and that no tenant had been able to live comfortably in it since. A recent contributor to *Notes and Queries* tells what he knows about three unlucky London houses. He has observed them for several years. In one of them, in spite of the best sanitary apparatus, three tenants have died in six years. In another no tenant has staid more than twelve months, yet within six years two of its tenants have been financially ruined. The third house, though most desirable in situation and attractive in appearance, has been to let for sixteen years without attracting a tenant.

There is no lack of data about unlucky houses. If Mr. Hudson, or some one else, can find a theory that fits the facts, he may be able to devise a cure that will substantiate the theory. Meanwhile it is hardly necessary to say to thrifty householders. "If you must beat your wife or strangle the baby, don't do it at home. Go out and hire a hall."

The esteemed newspapers have not yet got through talking about the dress-coat that Mr. Higginbotham of Chicago wore to the breakfast given to the Infanta. It is true that it is not customary among polite people to wear swallow-tailed garments before six o'clock, but it is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Higginbotham is the first distinguished American that ever did it. Persons who are still young may remember to have seen so accomplished a gentleman as our present ambassador to England marching in full evening dress at the head of a Phi Beta Kappa procession around the college yard at Cambridge. To be sure Mr. Bayard was the orator of the day, and wore his evening clothes to speak in, but it remains obvious that there are daytimes when evening dress goes, and that, after all, dress-coats are not so incurably nocturnal as night-shirts.

If one may borrow the language of the small boy to comment on a large event, one may permit himself to say that the Royal Institute of British Architects has done itself proud in bestowing the Queen's gold medal upon Mr. Richard M. Hunt. The medal is one that is rarely conferred, and its possession is a distinction that is coveted by the foremost architects in the world. It has been given to Mr. Hunt in recognition of the merits of his work on the exposition buildings at Chicago. That Mr. Hunt was glad to have it appears from the report that he went all the way to London expressly to get it. Mr. Hunt's countrymen will be proud to have him honored, and proud to have this new stamp of high professional commendation put on the World's Fair buildings, but not even the approval of the British architects can make them any prouder of the buildings than they were before. So profound is the popular conviction that the buildings are superlatively admirable, that the tendency is rather to measure the discrimination of foreign architects by their opinions about the buildings than to measure the merits of the buildings by the opinions of the wise men across the seas. So, while Mr. Hunt's medal may not make us think any better of the White City, it gives us a most favorable impression of the gracious discernment of the British architects, and of their ability to form just opinions of things a long distance off.

Word comes that the citizens of Paris are contemplating an expenditure of three or four hundred million francs upon the improvement and beautification of their town. Is this another sign of the influence of the Chicago Fair? Is it possible that the achievements at Jackson Park have given even the Parisians a pointer, and impelled them to take measures by wholesale to bring their venerable city up to date!

That interesting bauble, a continental reputation, has lately accrued to a new man. His name is Hobart Chatfield Taylor; he lives in Chicago, and he was lifted out of the condition of a local celebrity into the ampler field of national notability during the recent visit of the Spanish Infanta to his town. Being the Spanish consul at Chicago, Mr. Taylor had an official standing with the Infanta, which the amplitude of his means and his personal talents enabled him to improve. He is a graduate of Cornell, and a young man of original ideas, diligent and enterprising. He is at least as active, at least as spontaneous, and at least as good an American as our Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall. He has bounded with one skip from the rank of a person to that of a personage, and hereafter not to know him will be to argue one's self obscure.

E. S. MARTIN.

## THE GETTYSBURG DESECRATION.

BY JOHN REED SCOTT.

WITHIN the last few weeks a storm of protests has broken upon the heads of those who are responsible for the scheme of running an electric railway over the famous battle-field of Gettysburg. It is thirty years since Meade and Lee decided the issue between the North and the South at that little town, within seven miles of the Maryland line. Since then the veterans of the blue have regarded as holy the scenes of the three days' awful struggle, and Gettysburg has become known the Union over as the "American Mecca." With a reverence unappreciable by the ordinary civilian the veteran has journeyed back to it, and standing bareheaded on some hallowed spot, has recalled with mental vision the awful carnage that swept from the Round Tops to the Cemetery. The imagination was not taxed greatly to reproduce the scenes, for the field has remained mainly as it was in '63, and the conditions that existed then have been preserved by the gratuitous efforts of the Memorial Association, aided by the various States that were represented in the Army of the Potomac.

The battle-field of Gettysburg covers twenty-five square miles, the first day's engagement having occurred to the north and west of the town, and that of the second and third days to the southward. It is over the second and third days' field that the electric railway has run its desecrating track, ploughing, hacking, blasting, and destroying everything that impeded its progress, and shattering with vandalistic completeness all the sentiment that has hung over the blood-stained ground.

The trolley goes out the Emmittsburg road—that runs about midway between Seminary and Cemetery ridges, upon which the two armies were stationed—to the Peach Orchard. Here it turns to the left, and pursues the narrow lane leading to the Taneytown road. Just before reaching the Wheat Field it deflects abruptly to the right, making for the Devil's Den region.

The Memorial Association has from the first opposed the electric railway, and scorned their request for a right of way over its land and avenues. Consequently the trolley purchased from private parties the necessary privileges, and wherever possible it has run its route along the line of the Memorial Association's land.

Below the "Loop," at the southwest edge of the Wheat Field, there is a three-foot fill directly on the ground over which Brooks's brigade charged against Longstreet's columns on the afternoon of the second day. Back of the Devil's Den there is one cut twelve feet deep, that has destroyed that locality beyond reparation, and made it an eyesore to the tourist and stranger.

A group of granite rocks seventy-five by twenty-five feet that formed a portion of the defences in front of the left of the Third Corps have been blasted for material to fill a swampy portion of the track. The bowlders that covered the combatants in the desperate engagement between the Fourth Maine and Fortieth New York and the Forty-fourth Alabama and the right of Benning's Confederate brigade have also been put to the same use.

In the words of Colonel Bachelder, of the United States commission: "For the distance of over one mile before reaching this locality the road cuts through the scene of some of the most desperate encounters of the battle, in which De Troubriand's, Tilton's, Sweetzer's, Zook's, Kelly's, Cross's, and Word's Union brigades, and Kershaw's, Semmes's, Wofford's, Anderson's, and Robertson's Confederate brigades, contended for hours. The railway cuts straight through lines of battle, forest trees are levelled, bowlders and ledges blasted, streams are bridged, and the whole character of the field is changed."

After curving around to the southward of the Devil's Den, the trolley swings abruptly northward and tears its way toward the "Valley of Death." This was the most romantic portion of the battle-field. Thick, heavy pines, making in their density a solid wall of verdure, lent a magnificent impenetrableness to the region between the Den and Big Round Top. Down the very centre of this locality the trolley vandals have hewed their course of destruction, and all the pristine beauty is gone forever, the victim of corporate greed.

But it is through the "Valley of Death" itself that the desecration rules supreme. Over this ground General Crawford led his division of Pennsylvania Reserves against Hood's Confederates, and sent them headlong from the Federal front. Huge bowlders litter the valley, every one of which sheltered a soldier and afforded a rest for his musket. The place won its sanguine name honestly. Plum Run ran red with blood, and the turf was carpeted with the bodies of the slain, blue and gray, that lay side by side where death had found them in the struggle. But all the sacredness of such associations has been as naught, and with a ruthlessness that resembles the ruthlessness of the Vandals that King Attila led, the trolley has blasted the bowlders asunder, piled the fragments into a road-bed, and run the hideous track right down the centre of the "Valley."

The railway then climbs around the western and northern faces of Little Round Top, disfiguring the landscape by cuts and fills of from ten to twelve feet, and then effects a juncture with the Reading Railroad branch. At this portion of the line a few days ago one of the gangs unearthed the bones of some of McCandless's Pennsylvania Reserves. Without a moment's hesitation they were tossed into the cart with the dirt and dumped away with it. A citizen of Gettysburg, however, sickened by such wantonness, gathered as many of the bones as possible and gave them decent burial.

The Reading tracks are followed toward the town as far as Hancock station. Here the trolley turns to the right in front of the line of battle of the Second Corps. If there is one spot on the battle-field that should be sacred it is this stretch from where Hancock fell wounded to the Brian House, along which Pickett's division of Virginians beat in vain in the grandest charge of the century, and which has gone into history as designating the "high-water mark of the rebellion."

The trolley vandals have run directly across the line of Stannard's Vermont Brigade, over the position of Battery C (Wier's), Fifth U. S. Artillery, over the advanced positions of thirty-eight Confederate regiments, which comprised Pickett's command, right along in front of the "Bloody Angle," and the spot where General Garnet died is buried beneath the electric road-bed.

From the Brian House the trolley passes along the north side of Zeigler's Grove over a huge fill, follows the Taneytown road to the field south of the Soldiers' National Cemetery, and turning to the left, skirts the cemetery wall to the Baltimore Pike, and thence returns to the town, passing the place from which General Howard directed the Federals into position after their retreat of the first day.

The railway through its entire length is a piece of dissolute vandalism, without excuse or purpose beyond the destruction of the greatest battle-field of the continent, for the sake of an investment that is now shown to be hare-brained in the extreme. The veterans who visit Gettysburg and see the extent of the desecration are filled with indignation. The Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. has appointed a committee to take whatever measures may be deemed within the power of the order. The United States has expressed its determination to acquire the entire battle-field, and make of it a national park and a regular army post. The power to take the battle-field has been delegated to the general government by an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1889, and the sole means of preserving the field from further desecration now lies in the prompt action of the War Department. The government commissioners have recommended immediate action, and there is nothing now but to wait and hope.

## THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER.

THE lamentable disaster which has resulted in the loss of Great Britain's well-known battle-ship *Victoria*, and the loss of more than four hundred of her crew and officers—among them being Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, commanding the Mediterranean squadron—in collision with the battle-ship *Camperdown*, also of the same fleet, in evolutions off Tripoli last week, must impress every one anew with the terrible power for destruction in one way and another that a modern man-of-war possesses. This disaster was caused solely by the *Camperdown's* ram. The ram in all modern war-vessels is in the shape of a sharp chin. The bow beneath the water, and oftentimes above it, is protruded instead of being cut away as in merchant vessels. This accident resulting from the ram is a vindication of American foresight, for the United States is the only nation that has yet constructed a vessel for ramming purposes alone. Although this country is far behind in quantity, it already leads the navies in quality. No other nation, for example, has built a dynamite cruiser, and it is now easy to see that with such auxiliaries as the Ammen ram *Katahdin*, and the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, any foreign fleet would hesitate to engage one of our own in battle.

Moreover, the *Victoria* disaster emphasizes the fact that no war-ship has yet been built that can withstand the powers of its own destruction. These two vessels, *Victoria* and *Camperdown*, were practically of the same size and speed, although the *Victoria* was armed much the heavier. The *Victoria* was 10,470 tons burden, and the *Camperdown* 10,600 tons. The highest speed of each vessel is put down as 16.75 knots. The *Victoria* had 14,000 horse-power, and the *Camperdown* 11,500. It is probable that they were manœuvring at from 10 to 12 knots speed.

A singular thing is learned from Admiral Markham's report to the Admiralty on the disaster. This says that the *Victoria* turned completely over, and lies bottom uppermost. It is possible that she was top-heavy with armor. For one-third of her length amidships a belt of armor extended, 18 inches thick and about 8 feet wide. At the forward end this belt was built up into a redoubt and a turret, in which were two monster 110-ton guns of about 16-inch diameter. These guns are much heavier than are being used in the latest designs, experience having shown that 13-inch guns are the largest size available for satisfactory warfare. The *Victoria* may therefore have been overweighted forward She had no aft turret, as most battle-ships have. Forward she was bare of small or medium-sized guns, these being distributed aft. She was struck forward of her turret, and the despatches say there was no time to close her water-tight compartments. There must have been 400 of these in the vessel, but the need of constant communication from one part to another in a man-of-war is such that except in time of engagement compartments are almost never closed. The water rushing in forward with the heavy weight of armor there, and no after-turret to balance the ship, may have caused the vessel to dive almost perpendicularly. Whether she turned a somersault in going down, or whether she turned over after she struck bottom owing to loosened machinery or inequalities of the bottom, is not indicated at this writing; at any rate the special lesson to be learned in this dire disaster, whether it be the construction of ramming vessels, or the better balancing of vessels, or the construction of absolute water-tight compartments, such as the latest merchantmen have, will be quickly applied by naval constructors, and by none more quickly than those of the United States.

# THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

### BY HENRY B. FULLER.

### IX.

McDOWELL'S defection from the Underground was presently followed by an addition to the working force. One morning, a month or so later, Ogden, in an interval of leisure, glanced across to the window before which Burton Brainard had railed in his desk, and saw a young woman within the enclosure. She sat there alone, before a desk of the peculiar kind that has been contrived for the type-writer, and her effect at the moment was that of leisure finally and elegantly achieved.

He was at once struck by her peculiar facial expression: she had one eye open and the other shut. All at once she effected an instantaneous change which closed the open eye and opened the closed one. Then she opened both and gave out a smile of recognition, surprise, and pleasure, which he now perceived to be the work of the features of Cornelia McNabb.

"Here we are!" she seemed to say.

She had followed Burt's elevation to the vice-presidency, along with the new desk and the handsome rail-work enclosing it. Burt's concerns, despite his rise in rank, were now, as heretofore, largely outside the bank proper; he did something in stocks now and then, and he kept the run of things on the Board of Trade. But he was like his father in looking upon the bank as a personal and family matter—a point of view which the action of the body of stockholders somewhat justified: as a general thing they made up a chorus that huddled in the wings, several of them declining to come "on" even for the election that advanced Brainard junior, to the second place. So he saw no very good reason why the bank generally should not foot the bill for his own clerk hire.

"Why can't you use the man we've got here already?" his father had asked him, however. "Ain't one enough?"

"No. Somebody else has always got him. If I could have one for myself just for an hour or so, it would be a great help."

"Why don't you get one of those girls that circulate around upstairs? I hear there's one or two of 'em."

"I believe I will." And thus Cornelia McNabb came in for a brief daily attachment to the Underground.

She sat in her place quite unoccupied for an hour or so, looking about inquiringly, fidgeting a little, and watching the clock. Ogden glanced over in her direction once or twice. He saw that she had contrived to express her rise by several subtle alterations in her dress, and that she had succeeded in enveloping herself in a promising atmosphere of gentility. She, in her turn, kept an eye on him, and contrived to time her own luncheon along with his. She thrust her hat-pin into place just as he buttoned on his cuffs, and she drew a black dotted veil across the tip of her nose just as he was reaching up for his hat.

They sauntered out separately, but came together in the hallway.

"Do I look nice, or don't I?" she asked him as she passed one of her gloves over the smooth surface of the massive marble balustrade. "You needn't think the Pewaukee girls are jays; they're too near Lakeside and Waukesha for that."

"You do indeed. But where are the chains and rings?"

"Fiddle! I hope I know better than that, now."

The elevators were sliding up and down behind their gilded *grilles* with great rapidity, and hundreds of hungry helpers were stepping out of them in search of brief refreshment. Some of these stopped in the basement vestibule, and our young people, looking over the balustrade, saw them buying packages of cigarettes or the noon papers. There came to them, too, the voice of the man who stood at the foot of the elevator shafts and who regulated the movements of the various cabs by calling out their numbers with a laconic yawp. He wore a blue uniform with gilt buttons, and he had a gold band on his cap. He was as important as Ingles himself—perhaps more so.

"I believe I'll go up to the restaurant to-day," said Cornelia, with a precious little intonation. Her mincing tone intimated a variety of things—altered conditions among them.

"I go up there occasionally myself," said Ogden. "You have entertained me several times downstairs, and you ought to give me my chance now, don't you think?"

"Quite happy, I'm sure," she murmured, demurely.

"Up!" called Ogden, and up they went.

"Well," said Cornelia, a few minutes later, taking off her gloves with a self-conscious grace, and pushing aside her tumbler so as to find a place to lay them, "I can't say I've been overworked *this* morning. I haven't seen my new man at all."

"He's out a good deal."

"But the old one was on deck."

"In what way?"

"Oh, he put me through a regular drill. Made quite a number of remarks. I shouldn't care to take *him* down. May have to, though, if he gets too bossy. Eh?—oh, well, I don't know that I care for so very much, thank you. What are *you* going to have? Chicken soup?—all right. Yes, chicken soup, John."

She leaned back in her chair with a genteel grace, and looked out of the window down on the snow-piled roofs below.

"Do you know, I used to think I was a pretty smart girl, but I begin to believe I'm a good deal of a dummy, after all. That man has been in the building all this time, and I have just found it out."

Ogden's eye involuntarily followed the waiter.

"Not that black man—nix. But how could I be expected to spot his name among all the 'steen hundred on that bulletin by the door? I did see it there this morning, though—just by accident."

"Whose?"

"Oh, Ingles's. Arthur J. Ingles. Think of his being in this very building all this time!" She put the rim of her tumbler up under the edge of her veil.

"In it?" repeated Ogden. "He owns it."

"He does? Great Scott!" She choked and spluttered, setting her glass down suddenly. "Well, I'll be switched!"

She gave another gulp. "I suppose his father willed it to him?"

"No; he put it up for himself; I heard him say so."

"And you know him?" A new light shone in her brimming eyes.

"Yes."

"Well," she declared, with emphasis, "now I see my way. He's got to have me do short-hand for him, and then I shall see—her."

"Ah!"

"Yes. Can't you tell Mr. High-and-mighty that you know a respectable girl who is trying to make her own living?" She ran her fingers over the edge of one of her cuffs, which was slightly frayed. "You see how poor I am."

George laughed. "The laundries *are* pretty rough, for a fact."

"How mean of you!" she exclaimed, and laughed too.

She thrust back her soup.

"I don't want it. I don't want anything. I can't eat a mouthful. Then I was wrong about his being a society dude?"

"Completely."

"And how is she? S'posing I've made a mistake about her, too?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I've never seen her."

"You're telling me a fib."

"No, truly, I never have. I don't believe there's any such person. I think she's somebody that the papers have just made up. How many people have you found to work for?"

"Oh, three or four. But time for more. Rhyme, ain't it? I'm trying for the Massachusetts Brass, but I'd rather get Ingles. She gave a dance at Kinsley's night before last."

"How many words can you do?"

"About ninety—enough for business; of course I couldn't manage courts or banquets or sermons. I expect she comes down to his office for a check every now and then. Why don't she ever have her picture in the Sunday papers?"

"Oh Lord! I hope they're above *that!*"

"What's the objection? I'd have mine there quicker'n scat if I could. I will some time—bet you. And not in any office togs either."

"But don't dream of rivalry. She isn't real; she's only a beautiful myth. What will you take next—roast beef?"

"I don't mind; yes. When I'm alone I usually skip right from soup to pie—or pudding. But I guess I will take something a little solider this time; nothing makes me tireder than sitting still and fidgeting." She tapped her toes on the mosaic pavement, and gave a hitch and a pat to the dimity curtain alongside her. "I squirmed around for an hour, with a whole bookful of other people's notes that I might have been writing out. What sort of a young fellow is he?"

"He has his own way."

"Only child, I suppose?"

"N—no."

"Only son?"

"No—yes—I don't know. How do you like your work?"

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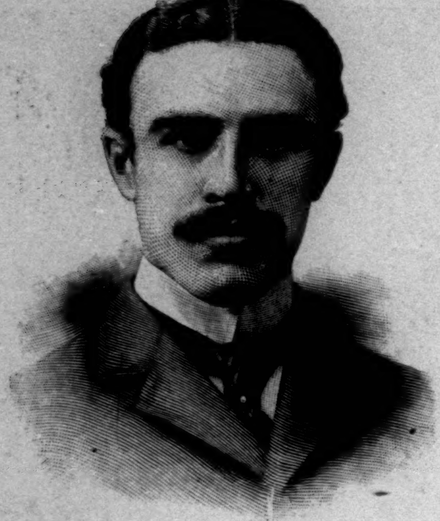
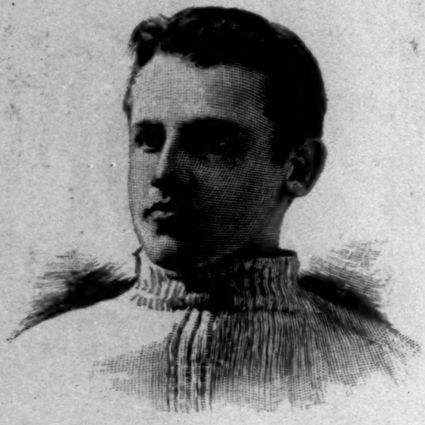
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1902.



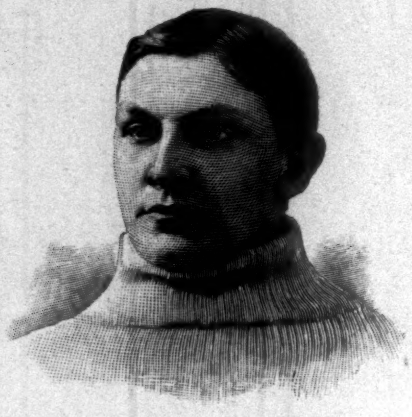
CAPTAIN S. B. IVES (YALE, '93), No. 7.
Age, 22 yrs. ; height, 5 ft. 11½ in. ; weight, 176 lbs.

V. S. THOMAS ('95),
COXSWAIN.
Age, 19 yrs. ; hght. 5 ft. 6 in. ;
weight, 108 lbs.

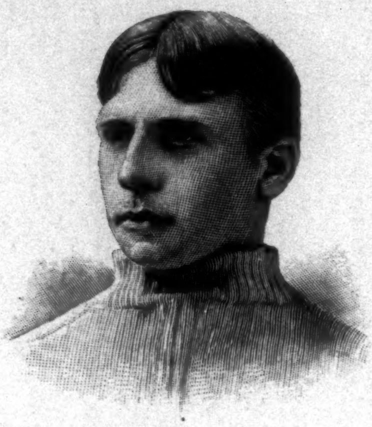
HARVARD QUARTERS.



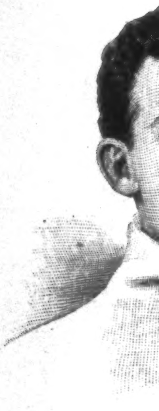
F. A. JOHNSON (YALE, '94, S.), BOW.
Age, 22 yrs. ; height, 5 ft. 11 in. ; weight, 163 lbs.



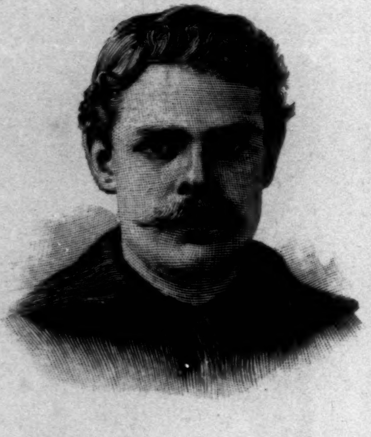
E. L. MESSLER (YALE, '94, S.), No. 2.
Age, 19 yrs. ; height, 5 ft. 9½ in. ; weight, 174 lbs.



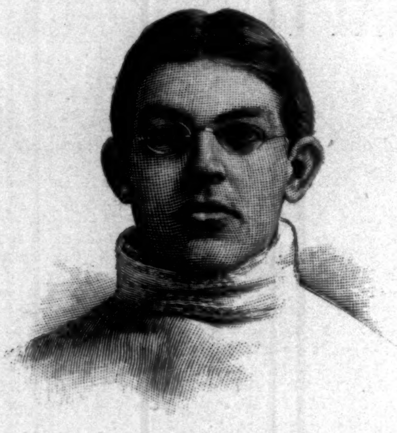
A. T. VAN HUYCK (YALE, '93, S.), No. 3.
Age, 22 yrs. ; height, 5 ft. 7½ in. ; weight, 172 lbs.



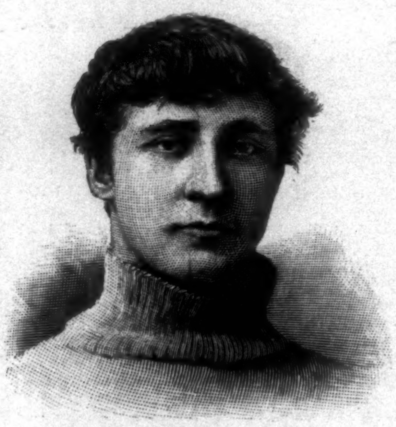
J. McC. LONGA
Age, 20 yrs. ; height,



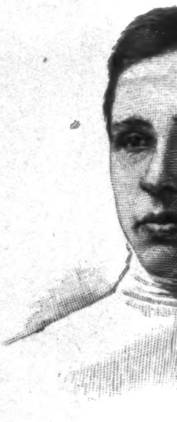
G. E. BURGESS (HARVARD, '93), BOW.
Age, 21 yrs. ; height, 5 ft. 7 in. ; weight, 154 lbs.



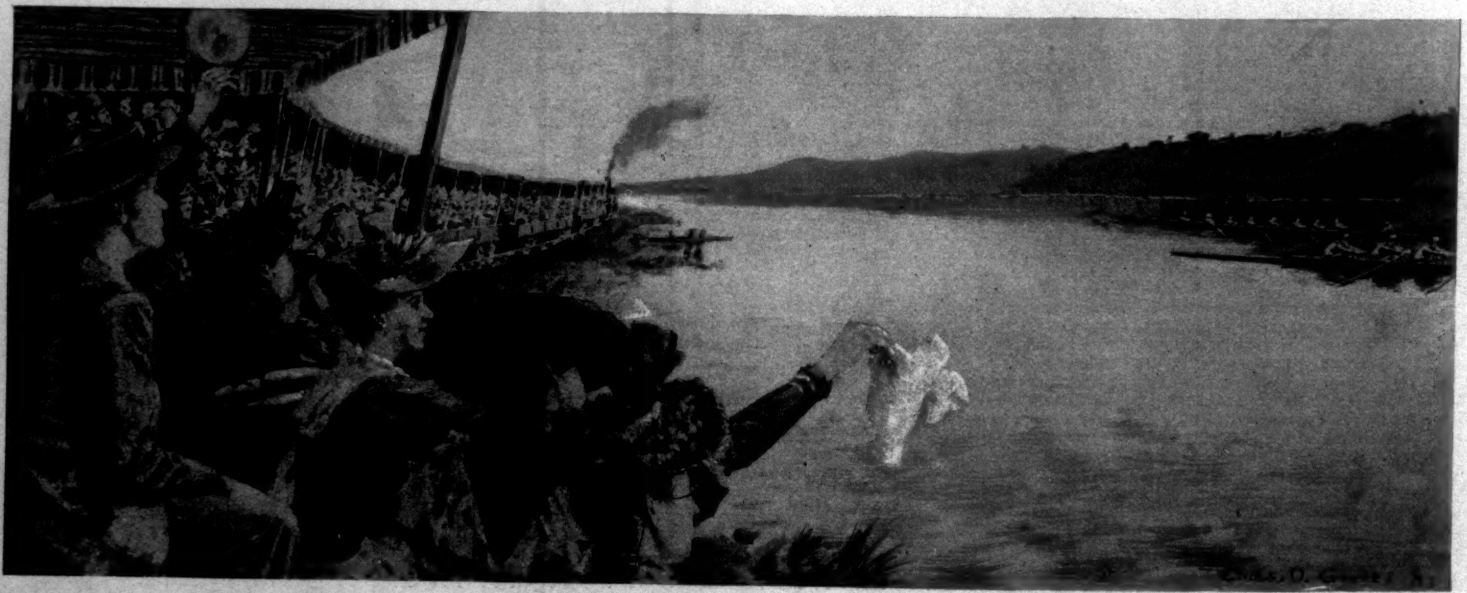
W. S. JOHNSON (HARVARD, '94), No. 2.
Age, 21 yrs. ; height, 5 ft. 11 in. ; weight, 165 lbs.



M. NEWELL (HARVARD, '94), No. 3.
Age, 22 yrs. ; height, 5 ft. 7½ in. ; weight, 173 lbs.



L. DAVIS (HA
Age, 21 yrs. ; height,

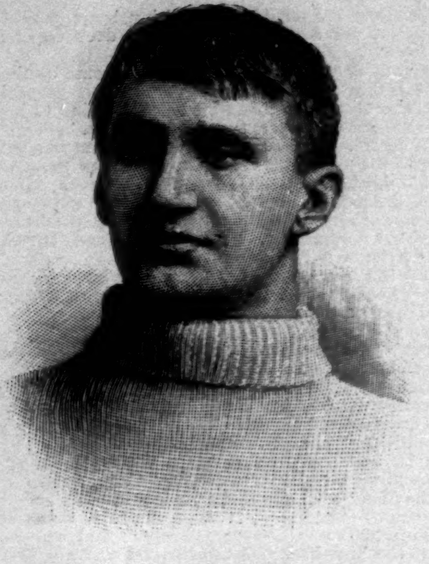


WATCHING THE RACE FROM THE OBSERVATION TRAIN.

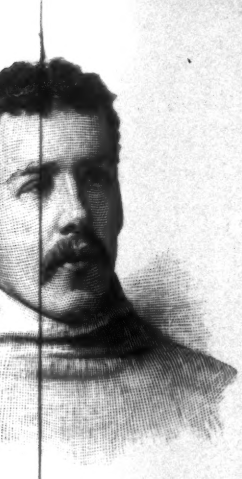
# THE HARVARD AND YALE 'VARSITY C

F. F. OLMSTEAD ('94, S.),
COXSWAIN.
Age, 20 yrs.; hght, 5 ft. 6 in.;
weight, 112 lbs.

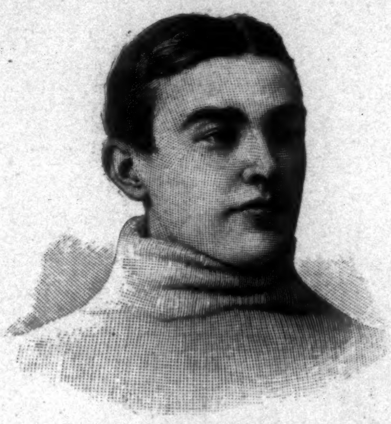
YALE QUARTERS.



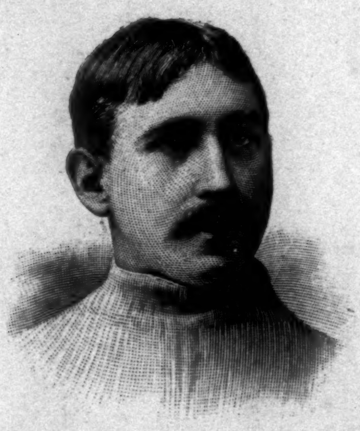
CAPTAIN D. R. VAIL (HARVARD, '93), No. 6.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft.; weight, 186 lbs.



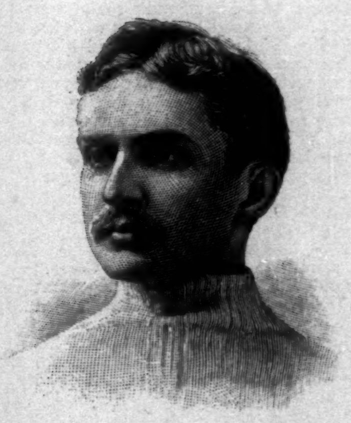
GACRE (YALE, '95), No. 4.
t, 5 ft 11½ in.; weight, 173 lbs.



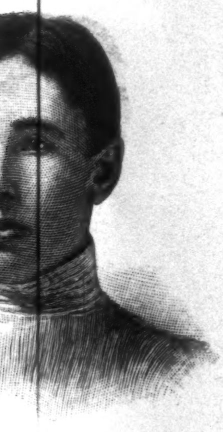
J. M. GOETCHIUS (YALE, '95, S.), No. 5.
Age, 20 yrs.; height, 6 ft.; weight, 167 lbs.



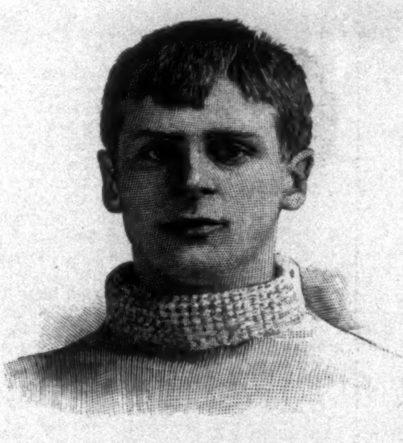
RALPH PAINE (YALE, '94), No. 6.
Age, 21 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 11½ in.; weight, 187 lbs.



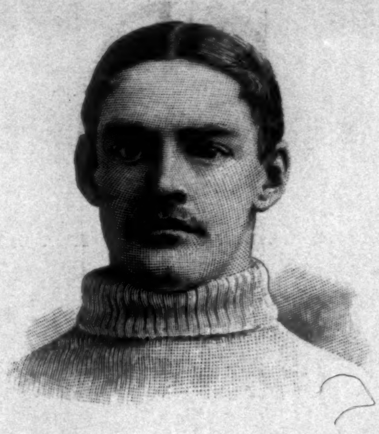
E. F. GALLAUDET (YALE, '93), STROKE.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft.; weight, 162 lbs.



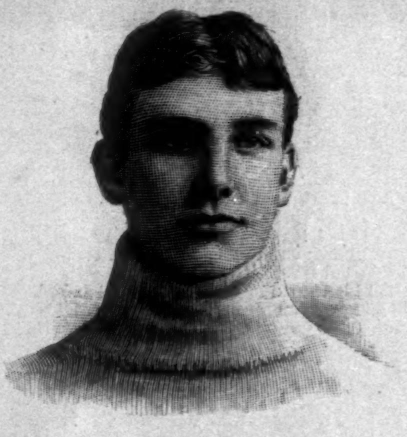
HARVARD, '94), No. 4.
t, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 175 lbs.



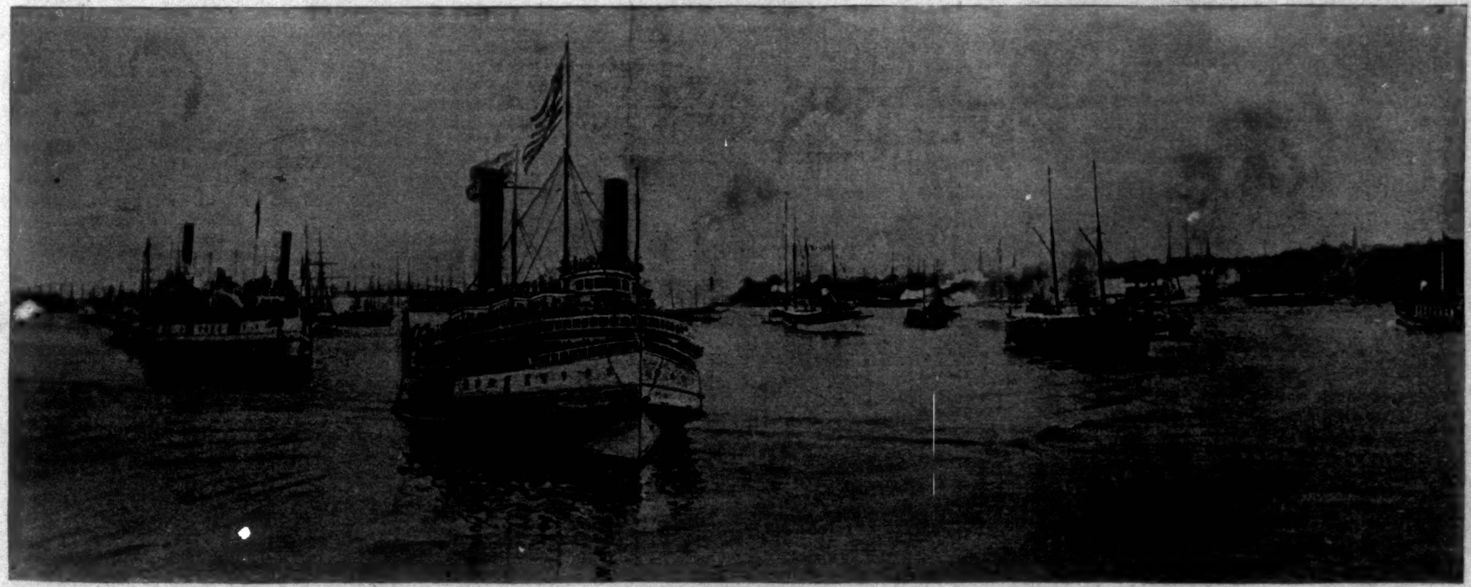
G. R. FEARING, JUN. (HARVARD, '93), No. 5.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft. ¾ in.; weight, 170 lbs.



C. K. CUMMINGS (HARVARD, '93), No. 7.
Age, 22 yrs.; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 178 lbs.



E. H. FENNESSY (HARVARD, '96), STROKE.
Age, 20 yrs.; height, 5 ft. 10½ in.; weight, 164 lbs.



ON THE RIVER AT THE FINISH.

CREWS AT NEW LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 627.]

"Middling. I'm terrible enterprising, but I guess I was never meant for a drudge. Say, what does a patroness really do?"

"Oh, nothing much; she just has her name on the list. Sometimes they don't even go."

"I notice that your Mrs. Floyd is beginning to be one; I've seen her in the papers two or three times."

"She doesn't like it, though; sometimes names get put on just to fill up. 'My dear Mrs. Floyd, we thought you wouldn't mind; you don't, do you?' they say. 'But my name in the papers!' she objects. 'You are too sensitive,' they reply. 'You've had your name in the papers at home,' her husband reminds her. 'Yes,' she answers, 'but—here!' She hates the town."

"Well, if I was a patroness I guess I'd have some say—no figure-head for me. I wouldn't be put on, either; I'd put the others on."

"I see you were cut out for a 'society' career."

"I guess you've about struck it. I went to a dance a week ago to-night—Periclean Pleasure Party."

"Like it?"

"'Twa'n't much. And I was invited to a firemen's ball—such impudence!"

"Right—don't cheapen yourself."

"I guess I understand that."

Meanwhile a nooning of a different character was going on in the directors' room of the Underground. This is not to be taken as indicating that the green-baize plane of the long centre table was littered with reports and memoranda, and that the high-backed, leather-seated chairs were filled with the solid figures of a dozen solid men. No; the aspect of the room was that of Sunday-like disoccupation, and the only people in it were an appealing young woman and a stubborn old man.

"Let her come in, father; please do."

"Take care, Abbie. You know what I think of you, but you make a mistake when you try this."

Abbie Brainard passed her handkerchief across her tearful face. Her father stood before her with his legs spread wide and his feet firmly planted; he had his hands thrust deeply into his trousers pockets. His jaw was set, and his shaggy brows were drawn down over eyes that glared fiercely at nothing.

"Then meet her out in the hall somewhere, just for a minute." She laid her hand tremblingly upon the old man's arm. He moved, as if to shake it off.

"Then just walk by outside; she can see you from the cab."

He turned his eyes upon her, half in expostulation and half in threat. "Abbie!"

"Then, father, just step here to the window; she'll see you and know it's all right. Come." She caught hold of a fold of his sleeve. "You won't keep her waiting out there such a cold day as this?"

Brainard moved his feet, but he turned his back on the window and fixed his eye on the fireplace. His daughter's light touch was quite powerless on his huge bulk.

"Father, you know Burt says—"

"Abbie," he interrupted, sharply, "don't you say a word to set me against Burt. I won't hear it. Don't drag him in, or you'll be sorry for it."

"But, father, don't you understand? He *struck* her; there's a mark on her face now."

Brainard's great frame shook, but he made no other sign. This quiet she took as a favorable symptom. She would have done better in perceiving that he was between two contending forces so nearly equal as to hold him almost in equilibrium. The wretch had struck his daughter—a brutal, hateful thing as regarded his daughter, or any daughter, or any other woman; but his daughter had defied him, over-ridden him, and the man whom she had chosen for a master was now the instrument of her punishment. The accounts appeared to balance. However, figures do lie, and his own agitation indicated that the *x* of human emotion had not been completely eliminated from his problem.

He cleared his throat. "She has made her bed, Abbie," he said, in a husky tone, "and now she must lie on it."

"No, father; you must hear what Burt says. He has had to go up there and—"

"Burt? Is that where he has been this morning? Has he turned against me too? Good God! what have I done to deserve such treatment as this? First it's Mark, with his drawing and his trying to play the fiddle; and then it's this pen-pusher that puts on those things Sundays and marches around singing songs; and now it's Burt, who's had every chance to make a good business man of himself, and everything done for him. It's too bad; it's too almighty bad."

Abbie steadied herself against the corner of the table. Her breast heaved with fearfulness; she had never before openly protested to her father against himself.

"Why haven't you done anything for the others? Why didn't you give Mark an education?—the kind, I mean, that would have helped him, and the only kind. Why haven't you taken this Mr.—Mayme's hus—this man and made the best of it, and found something for him to do?—he can work in an office. Oh, father," she moaned, with a softening note of deprecation, "you have made it pretty hard for all of us."

"Abbie," he gasped, "are you turning against me too? Abbie, I've always thought so much of you, and I've done well by you. But I want you to go away—I won't see her. I won't. She must go away, and you too."

He caught her by the arm and tried to move her towards the door—gently, as if she might go of her own accord.

Ogden, on coming in from lunch, found himself intercepted by Freddy Pratt. This youth had a few moments' leisure, and he assailed Ogden between the wardrobe and the wash-stand.

"I went over to see the Viberts again, last night," he communicated. "Poor Mayme—I wasn't going back on her, if others did. She was sitting there all alone in the dark. I guess she had been crying. Anyway, when I lit the gas her eyes looked red. She wouldn't say much—"

"Good plan."

"And after he came in she wouldn't say hardly anything at all. Slow work talking to *him!* He wasn't drunk exactly, but he had been drinking; didn't need a light to tell that. I wasn't doing anything at all, and all of a sudden he blurted out, 'I say, you young fellow you, what do you mean by coming here and destroying the peace of a man's family?' You can bet I was taken back. Then he got up and came towards me—he looked big, too! 'You get out of here'—that's what he said."

"And did you?"

"Oh yes, I got out," responded Freddy Pratt, with a meek complacency.

"You surprise me. You showed sense."

Freddy looked at him doubtfully. "I heard this morning that he had just lost his place with those insurance people," he resumed, cautiously. "That was what was the matter, I guess."

"Possibly," said George, who had heard from Brower that something of the kind was likely to occur. The fellow's work had been done indifferently of late, and he was far from being worth the increased salary he had asked for.

As Ogden passed up to the other end of the office Brainard appeared in the doorway of the directors' room and beckoned to him. His face was pale and disturbed; the veins in the end of his nose showed redly; his eyes burned with an appealing fierceness.

"Ogden," he said, in a loud, hoarse whisper, "where is that type-writer girl? Tell her to bring some water here as quick as she can."

"She isn't here, sir; she has gone back up stairs."

"Then you get some yourself. Here; take this tumbler. Be quick, and don't make any fuss."

Ogden hastened to the wash-stand near which Freddy Pratt had detained him. Returning again, he saw through the half-open door that Abbie Brainard was lying back in one of the big chairs, with her face pallid and her eyes closed.

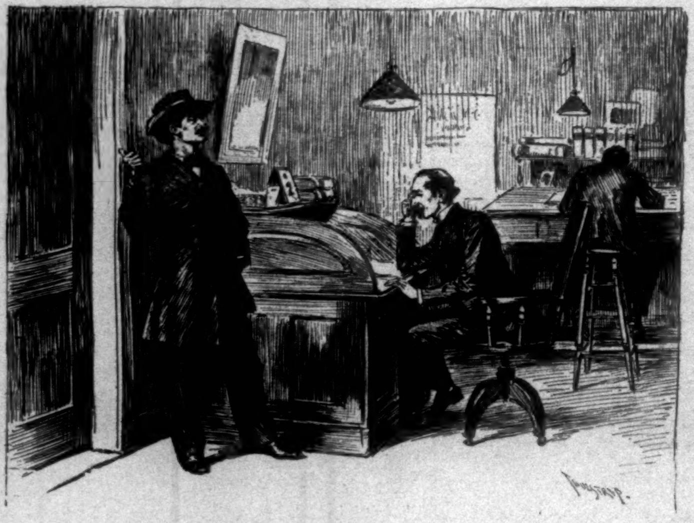
Her father dipped two of his great clumsy fingers into the glass, and made an awkward attempt to sprinkle her face. "My poor girl has fainted," he said.

The girl's eyes half opened; she seemed to see Ogden standing just outside.

She clutched both arms of the chair, and raised herself half up. Her bosom heaved; her mouth was drawn tensely.

"Fainted?" she tried to say; "not at all!" She gasped once or twice, and rose to her feet. "I never fainted in my life," she said, grandly; "I never should think of doing such a thing!"

She reeled; her eyes closed. George rushed forward to catch her. Her hand dropped numb on his arm, and her head fell heavily on his shoulder.



"HE LOOKED STEADILY ON VIBERT FROM UNDER HIS HAND."

### X.

Ogden and his mother were now beginning to have frequent conferences with regard to the management of the property and to McDowell's connection with the matter. Perhaps the word "conference" puts, however, too set and formal a stamp on the brief, haphazard interchanges of ideas that took place, as chance permitted, within McDowell's own house—a few words after a Sunday dinner or at the front door late at night. And besides being handicapped as to occasion, they were further hampered by McDowell's new relation to them and by their own presence under his roof. Besides, Mrs. Ogden, with a multitude of small experiences, had no ability for grasping things in a large and general way; while George, with a broader and more comprehensive outlook, was embarrassed by a lack of experience in the actual details of business transactions. Added to this, he was a new-comer, under all a new-comer's disadvantages; he hardly knew where to turn for the proper agents, legal or financial, that might have been employed; while many of the agencies—courts, for instance—were different in procedure and even in name from anything he had known East.

"All the same, though," he said to his mother, "things ought to be in different shape for you. I'm bound hand and foot in that bank—no time or thought for anything outside. I don't know but what you'd better put everything with some good real-estate firm, and let them look after repairs and collections and taxes."

His mother fixed a pair of anxious eyes upon him, and the wrinkles of perplexity appeared on her forehead.

"Eugene is real-estate."

"Or those lawyers," he went on. "Anyway, you ought to have an account as administratrix with some bank. I believe I'll open one to-morrow. Something has got to be done to make things quicker and clearer."

He presently took upon himself the delicate task of intimating to McDowell that a simpler and more regular way of doing things was desired.

He went up to McDowell's office in the latter part of the afternoon. As he entered, a tall dark man was standing in the middle of the room. There was a sinister look in his eyes and a contemptuously sarcastic smile on his heavy red lips. He gave a last fold to a small piece of paper that he held in his hands and thrust it into his vest pocket. It was Vibert.

"It's pretty near four now," he was saying to McDowell, "so I can't try again to-day; but I expect to find this all right after ten to-morrow morning."

He gave his hand a hardy flip across one side of his dark mustache and passed out. McDowell looked after him sourly. "Damn the brute!" he muttered.

As Vibert's words implied, he had been in McDowell's office once before on the same day. His salary at St. Asaph's now meant more to him than it had meant a month ago, and he had called with reference to it and to the delay in its payment. Hitherto the financial arrangements of the church had gone on with the same precision as its anthems and its processionals. In the present condition of things delay to Vibert was more than a surprise, more than an embarrassment; it was an exasperation.

"I don't sing for glory," he had declared, with an offensive brusqueness. "It's the here and not the hereafter that I'm busy with."

McDowell looked at him uneasily. "I'm going to fix up all the salaries next week in one batch. I don't see why any particular man should be favored."

"Favored!" repeated Vibert, with a loud insolence. "I should say not. I don't feel favored in running my legs off for money three weeks overdue. We can't live on air. We have bills to pay. We ain't singing for the pleasure of it."

McDowell contracted his eyes to a critical narrowness. "You may not be singing much longer for anything else, either."

"That's another matter; it isn't you that put the choir together."

McDowell tapped his fingers on the yellow varnish of his desk. "I don't know about that. From what I hear, you're not making the sort of record for yourself that's useful in a church."

"My private life is nobody's business. I sing; I'm worth the money."

"That may work on the stage; it won't work quite so close to the pulpit. Come, now; I know a little something of your daily doings. Plenty of men sing who *don't* hang around race-tracks and loaf in pool-rooms. And, from what I hear, you're helping that young Brainard along at a good gait too. You'd better wait—along with the others."

"Waiting be hanged! I'm here for money—money that's mine. If I can't work it with the man who pays out the loaves and fishes, I'll try one of the men that contribute them in the first place." He tossed his head insultingly towards the door that led into Ingles's office.

McDowell's elbow rested on the edge of his desk (his thumb on the tip of his ear and his middle finger rubbing his farther eyebrow) as he looked out steadily on Vibert from under his hand. "Joseph," he called to his clerk, "bring me that check-book."

The man opened a lower drawer and brought out a book whose covers enclosed a number of stubs and three or four blank checks.

McDowell wrote and passed the check to Vibert, who went out, with no further words on either side.

McDowell did some figuring and saw some people, and somewhat later Vibert returned. He threw his check on McDowell's desk contemptuously. "That's no good."

"How's that?"

"No account with 'em."

"No ac— Oh, I see. We've changed banks, and I forgot to change the name in the check." He picked up a ruler and drew the red-ink bottle a little nearer. "I'll fix it. Sorry to have troubled you. We want to look out for this, Joseph."

Vibert withdrew, speaking the words that Ogden had heard on his entrance—words that would have been the reverse of assuring if he had fully understood them. "Bad egg," said McDowell to him, wagging his head in the direction of the just closed door.

George looked at him studiously. He appeared to be in a state of extreme nervous irritation. His wiry mustache moved up and down stiffly as he felt about with his teeth for the inner membrane of his lips. His long lean fingers were interlaced, and a clicking sound came from his snapping his finger-nails together. It was clearly no occasion for more than a partial statement of Ogden's matter, and this was the most that he permitted himself.

But McDowell was in the sensitive state of mind when one word does the work of three, and in the irritable state of mind when talk is such a relief that three words evoke thirty in reply. He met George's brief and modest suggestions with a hitching of his shoulders, and answered them in a harsh and strident tone.

"The first thing in doing business," he said, "is to have an office to do it in." He looked about his own—his desks, his cashier's window, his letter-press. "And the second is to know how to do it." He looked out of the window in a wholly impersonal way, but his words had a more personal slant than he would have given them at almost any other time. "Gad knows I've got enough to do already. But Kittie's affairs are mine. She has equal interests with the others, and she seems to feel that I am able and willing to look after them."

He spoke with some show of reason, and George was obliged so to concede.

"There's taxes, for one thing. Or take special assessments alone; they're almost a business by themselves. Say you've got ten acres or so just beyond the limits. Some fine day it's six hundred dollars or more for half a mile of sidewalk—a sidewalk that won't be walked on by seven people a week. What's the reason? Oh, some one of those township politicians or other has got a friend that's a carpenter. Now who's going to tackle the boards and stave off such things?"

George looked at him silently.

"There's tax sales—I guess you never went to one of them. You'd strike a bloodthirsty crew if you did. Supposing you've got a mortgage, and the mortgager don't come to time with his taxes? You've got to buy 'em up to protect yourself. And you've got to get there first. Last year I fought this point for a week with one of those tax sharks. And so it goes. Real estate is no kindergarten business, I can tell you."

The truth of this view was becoming more and more apparent to Ogden. He withdrew, after some further parleyings, in a confused and inconclusive state of mind—well convinced, however, of McDowell's abilities and more fully conscious of McDowell's position as the husband of his father's daughter. Never did the town of his adoption seem less, indeed, like a kindergarten than when he took his way northward to dinner, or when, later in the early evening, he made his way over to the West Side to call at the Brainards. The thousands of acres of ramshackle that made up the bulk of the city, and the tens of thousands of raw and ugly and half-built prairie that composed its environs, seemed together to constitute a great checker-board over whose squares of "section" and "township" keenness and rapacity played their daring and wary game. And through the middle of the board ran a line, a hinge, a crack—the same line that loomed up in all those various deeds and abstracts of his with the portentousness and unescapability of the equator—the "line of the third principal meridian."

The Brainard house reared itself in the same frivolous ugliness that we have already viewed; but an excess of light came through the front parlor windows, and Ogden was prepared to find that at least four of the eight burners in the big chandelier were lighted. This turned out to be the case; it was as great a tribute as the family ordinarily paid to society. The family he found represented by Brainard, his wife, and his elder daughter; society was present in the shape of a young couple who were called Mr. and Mrs. Valentine.

The elder daughter received him with a quiet and simple cordiality. He could not help looking about furtively for the possible presence of the younger. He had not remained ignorant of her half-hour wait in a cab outside the bank; but he might have surmised the inflexibility of her father's will. The old man had refused to see her or to let her see him; the most that he would yield was a species of non-committal communication through Burt.

Mrs. Brainard presented herself to Ogden as a peculiarly faded and ineffective person; it was easy enough to grant her an abysmal incapacity. Her husband, in fact, had fallen upon her, crushed her, absorbed her—as a heavy blotting-pad falls on a page of light and delicate writing. Except for one thing she had no aim, no occupation, no diversion—beyond her ills and remedies. This was a penchant for chess. To those who object that chess is an intellectual game, one may simply put the question, have you ever seen it taken up by an elderly, invalided female who has rested content with a mere learning of the moves? It was thus with Mrs. Brainard; she played a good many games with herself every day, and they really soothed and rested her.

On the social board, however, she had hardly learned the first "opening," and the entertainment of the brilliant young couple now in her house fell almost altogether on Abbie; for the girl's mother sank back into a passive silence, while her father toured through the rooms occasionally, and threw out remarks, *à propos*, in a gruff and abrupt fashion peculiar to himself.

His manner with young men had simply closed the house to them. To him it was an inexplicable and harassing thing that a young fellow of twenty-five should not possess the capacity, experience, and accumulations of a man of thirty-five or forty. He regarded every intruder in the light of a potential son-in-law, and no more potential than undesirable. Most of these callers would gulp down once, with such smile as they could master, the old man's abrupt ways and disconcerting comments; then they got out of the house in good order and never came back. However, at the present juncture he did not appear to resent Ogden's appearance—notwithstanding the young man's share in the episode at the bank; perhaps he looked upon him as a serviceable prop in another bad quarter of an hour.

"Yes, Mr. Brainard," Mrs. Valentine was saying as George entered, "it's just as I have been telling Abbie; you ought to move over on the North Side, too."

Brainard happened to be passing through the room; it had occurred to him that he might turn down one of the side burners in the back parlor.

"Um, no," he said, in an off-hand way; "too near the lake: fog; damp; rheumatism."

"And pneumonia, too perhaps," his wife suggested, feebly.

"I'll risk it!" cried Mrs. Valentine, vivaciously. She had an expansive and affluent effect; she appeared mettlesome, decisive, confident. "It seemed to me that, so long as I was going to build, I might as well make a clean sweep—an out-and-out break. I've always had a fancy for that part of town. So I sent Adrian around to the different offices—" she threw a look of passing reference towards her husband, who made a little bow in return—"and I had the good luck to get a lot on Bellevue Place, and only a block from the Lake Shore Drive. Then I went to Mr. Atwater, and he has made my house a perfect little dream! I thought it best to have him to dinner once or twice, and I'm glad I did—he's been so interested all through. There hasn't been the least hitch to speak of, and I expect to get in within a fortnight. This," she went on, turning to Ogden with an undiminished vivacity, "is really my P. P. C."

Ogden glanced at the husband of the lady whose use of the first person singular was so frank and continuous. He was a young man with a pleasant and amiable face, and that face was set in a meek little smile, from whose forced lines the element of deception was most pitifully lacking.

"Yes, Abbie dear," Mrs. Valentine went on, "I'm afraid it's good-by—or nearly the same thing." She took the girl's hand within her own and gave it repeated pats in a rather careless and self-absorbed way. "I shall try to see you often, of course; but it will be so far. How nice it would be if you could only come up there and settle down right next door to me!"

Ogden sighed unconsciously. He had fancied the first rays of social illumination as falling upon this benighted family; but it was only the last faint glow of a speeding twilight, after all.

Abbie withdrew her hand with a quiet dignity; she seemed to put but a moderate value on these protestations.

"I believe we are satisfied where we are, Fanny," she said, in a low and even tone. "We have always lived here; we feel more at home in this house than we could anywhere else. All our—all our—friends are near us"—a desolate little blush came in here—"and then there's the church and everything. I've heard my sis—I'm told that the North Side is very pleasant on some accounts, but I don't think we are likely ever to change."

"Change!" called her father, suddenly. "I wouldn't live anywhere else if you paid me to. What's better than this?"

"So attached," murmured her mother, vaguely.

Mrs. Valentine continued for some time further to flutter her hands, her clothing, and her conversation, but she was very slow about getting up and fluttering away. She was a neighbor, and her return home was a matter of three minutes. Ogden's return was a matter of nearly an hour, and he left first. He carried away the discontented feeling of a young man whose aim in the direction of a young woman is frustrated by the presence of uncongenial elders and irrelevant outsiders. He had been quite certain of his ability to meet Abbie Brainard after the bank episode without any particular embarrassment or restraint; certainly he had come to view with more interest a girl whose hand had lain in his and whose head had rested on his shoulder. There had been no embarrassment in her greeting of him; her manner had been as straightforward and sensible as it always was. But never mind; he should try again; he was only too certain of soon finding her alone.

He took his hour through the clamor and the slime of the public ways. He escaped from these by his talismanic night-key, and stumbled up thoughtfully to his room.

There was a light burning in it, and the fireplace showed the faint red of dying coals. A valise, open and half unpacked, stood in the middle of the floor, and sitting up in bed was Brower, busy with the last volume of *Monte Cristo*. They now occupied a large front room together, which Ogden had to himself a good half of the time.

"Back, are you?" said George. "When did you get in?"

"About seven."

"How's Missouri?"

"Weather good; eating bad."

"Reading all this time?"

"Went to theatre."

"What did you see?"

"*Crackling of Thorns.*"

"Any good?"

"Not much; one pretty girl. Where have *you* been?"

"West Side; Brainard's."

"Anybody there?"

"The old people. And some friends—Valentines."

"Valentine? I used to know a Valentine—nice, quiet fellow, light complexion. His name was Alpheus—no, Adrian."

"That's the one."

"Poor fellow! he deserved a better fate."

"What's the matter with him?"

"His wife owns him."

George smiled. Brower hitched himself up on his pillow and put his finger into the book to keep the place. "He was a first-rate fellow—good all through, and kind of capable; that is, he was worth a salary of eighteen hundred a year—or two thousand. He married a girl with two thousand a month. No head book-keeper, no cashier, no secretary, could she let him be after that; no, Johnny must be his own master—except as regarded her. To-day he sort o' hangs on the outskirts of business, and picks up a little here and a little there—he has desk-room somewhere in the Clifton, I believe. He does the best he can to preserve his self-respect, but I don't see how he can pay the bills and the house-rent too."

"House-rent? They're building—I mean, *she* is."

"Yaugh!" cried Brower, with deep meaning.

"Atwater's doing the house for them—for her."

"Atwater?" Brower gave a second hitch to the pillow, and threw the book to the foot of the bed. "He's another. He's had a trip in the same boat."

"Why, he isn't married."

"I guess he is—just about as hard as any man ever was. But he has fought through gallantly—I'll say that for him."

"What's *his* story?"

"Begins in the same way. She was rich too, and a high-flyer. He had education and family and his profession—and no money. He struggled up for ten years, and now—now he stands on his own legs; his wife has her own money for her clothes and amusements. He saw he had got to strike society, and he struck it—hard; he costs like smoke. But he snatched victory from defeat. It was a great act. Speaking of acts—whom do you think I saw there in a stage-box to-night?"

"Whom?"

"Burt Brainard. Just kick that valise out of the way if you want to."

"All alone?"

"Nope. Girl with him. One of the Clifton type-writers—the one who used to be down in the lunch-room."

"Nealie McNabb?"

"U'm h'm."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE most important as well as the most honored athletes at Yale or Harvard are the rowing and football men. And the two events of all the college year of sport which create the greatest interest are the football game at Springfield, about the middle of November, and the boat-race on the Thames River, New London, the last Friday in June. They deserve all the honor put upon them, for in no branch of athletics do the members of teams undergo anything like so rigorous a course of preparation. Compared with it, the training of the baseball and track-athletic men is a midsummer festival. There is no play about this training, it is work of the most arduous description, and such a drilling as lasts a boy a lifetime; no young man can undergo the fitting which trying for a crew or football eleven entails without having equipped himself the better to venture on the battle-field of the work-a-day world. This is true also of the training for the baseball and other teams, but is particularly applicable to football and rowing, because of the greater demands made on one's patience and endurance.

In no other out-door game as in football is one brought into such close contact with one's opponent, and in none other is one called upon to combat strength, skill, strategy, and general "cussedness" in the course of a single afternoon's play.

In no contest, as in rowing, is that intangible quality "sand" called into requisition so largely. Here it is the boy learns what it means to "grin and bear it"; here, on the four-mile course, when he has pulled on his oar until his arms are numb from very weariness, when there is a roaring in his ears, and stars and mists chase before his vision in a phantasmal dance—here it is that he learns to grit his teeth and go on pulling to the bitter end; here he steps from boyhood into manhood—for it is not the years that make the man. Some men are always boys; some boys are men long before they have outlived their teens.

To those whose clouds have invariably shown their silver lining the significance of this quality will be hardly appreciable, but those for whom the silver has been more frequently oxidized than not, sons and fathers, will realize the value of this forearming.

Outside of the mere training, the life of the football-player is not nearly so monotonous as is that of the oarsman. The football season is a short and merry one; the 'varsity team has a schedule of games, some at home, some on the grounds of other colleges, and generally at least one on grounds in some city. All this is life to the men; they see great crowds wearing their college colors, they hear their college cries in frequent choruses of encouragement, the blood tingles in their veins, and all the hard, dull work of the preparatory days is forgotten.

But there is none of this relaxation for the oarsman, who begins his work of preparation in the most delightful month of the year. While his college chums are enjoying the sports of the season in the cool of an autumnal afternoon, he steals away to the river for perhaps his first lessons in rowing, or for a preliminary limbering up before the hard work of the winter begins. Later, when it has grown too cold for river practice, we see him in the gymnasium, pulling away on chest-weights and working with dumbbells to build up his muscles. This is followed by the most uninteresting feature of the daily programme, *i. e.*, using the rowing-machine, and he is glad indeed when the embryo oarsmen have advanced far enough to bid farewell to the gym and become installed in the rowing-tank. Here they work every afternoon for about a couple of hours, day in and day out, week after week, throughout the long winter months. Spring receives no heartier, happier welcoming than from these candidates for the 'varsity crew; for with its coming they leave the tank and get into a real boat (barge) on the river. The work grows harder now, and the coachers become more serious, and demand and expect more; but the relief of being out-of-doors and upon water in a boat that is not fastened fires the men with an ambition to make of themselves a crew that will leave its rival far to the rear on the day of the great race at New London.

But the men become surprised after a few days that the coach still finds errors in their rowing; they had thought no crew ever pulled in better form and no boat had ever travelled so fast. After a bit, likely enough, they become listless, but that is only for a day or two. The great work of beating the time-honored rival is ever before them, and the loyalty to the *alma mater* spurs the tired boy on to his work. A few disappointed lads lose seats in the boat, but there are others more fortunate to take their place. And so the work goes on almost uninterruptedly for upwards of eight months. Think of it! nearly a year these boys have been preparing for the race that next Friday will be won or lost in a few moments. I have always maintained there is a heroic side to this grand struggle, and the reader who is not superficial must agree with me. I can do no better than quote what I said last year on the subject. Think of the long, dreary preparation of eight months these oarsmen have undergone, and then look at them as they sit in their shells on the starting-line—sixteen superb specimens of physical beauty—nearly a year have they trained faithfully. To win this race is the dearest wish of their lives, and they will pull their very hearts out to do it. They're off! And in twenty-one minutes (a few seconds more or less), after a glorious struggle, eight of them are the happiest fellows in all this wide, wide world—and eight are the most miserable.

Is there no training in all this for the boy that will serve him afterwards in the hurly-burly of life?

The popular conception about the university crew man is curious: he is supposed to be a creature who clothes himself differently from the average undergraduate, and to spend his time between the training-table and the river. Many who read this will probably learn for the first time that the college oarsman is simply one of the great body of students who has shown unusual proficiency in handling an oar, and has therefore acquired a seat in the 'varsity boat. He dresses as every other college man, studies as he does, and mingles among them as an ordinary student. He deserves much praise from his college, for in addition to the usual studies he devotes from two to four hours a day to rowing. Not until the last two weeks before the race, and the crews have gone to New London, does his dress distinguish him from the body of undergraduates. In these last few days before the great struggle he appears resplendent in flannels and his college colors, and then, indeed, does he become a subject of homage.

From far and near college men flock to the site of the great race, and the quarters of both colleges the last two weeks are besieged by college men anxiously inquiring after the condition of the crew—if No. 3 has improved on the recover, and if No. 7's stomach is all right. They have read all about it in the newspaper, and as a result know a great deal more about the crew than the men themselves do.

It is a great time in the life of all college men, young and old; for whether one be a fledgling undergraduate or an *alumnus* who has followed the event for a score of years, the interest in the work of the crews is as keen and the enthusiasm on the day of the race as great.

It is a rare treat for him who is struggling with the great problem of life to visit New London during race week. The sight of the joyous young faces that show no trace of a care, hearts that have known no greater disappointment than the loss of a position on a crew or football or baseball team; the radiant young women, gay in the fluttering ribbons of their favorite college—all happy, all bent on the pleasures of the hour—lift one up out of the "Slough of Despond" through which we are wont to struggle more days of the year than are to our liking. It all takes one back again to the college days, when the sordid world was unexplored and the dregs in the cup had not been discovered. And it makes us glad that there are college boat-races and happy-go-lucky young fellows and bewitchingly arrayed young women. Nor do our pleasures stop at that; we are sure to meet old chums, probably not seen since we strolled the college campus together arm in arm, or, stretched at full length on the grass, talked over the chances of our football team or crew, or prospects—or what not.

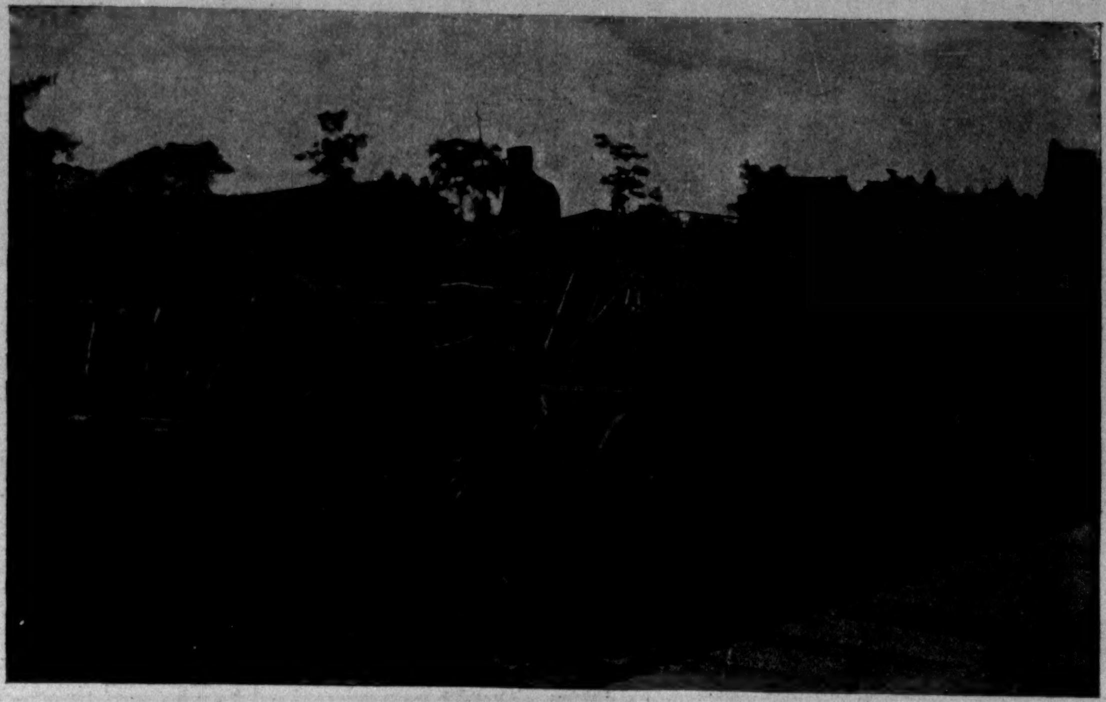
Not the least attraction of the New London week is the glimpse afforded of the famous coachers of whom we have heard, in the launches, laying down the principles of good form to the attentive oarsmen in the shell. How much rowing at Yale and Harvard is indebted to these men, whose loyalty to their *alma mater* brings them every year from their desks, few college men realize.

This year Yale has again the veteran Bob Cook, John A. Hartwell, captain of last year's winning crew, and Al Cowles. Harvard has been under the entire charge of Thomas Nelson Perkins, captain of the winning '91 crew, until two weeks ago, when Harry Keyes went to New London to put on the finishing touches.

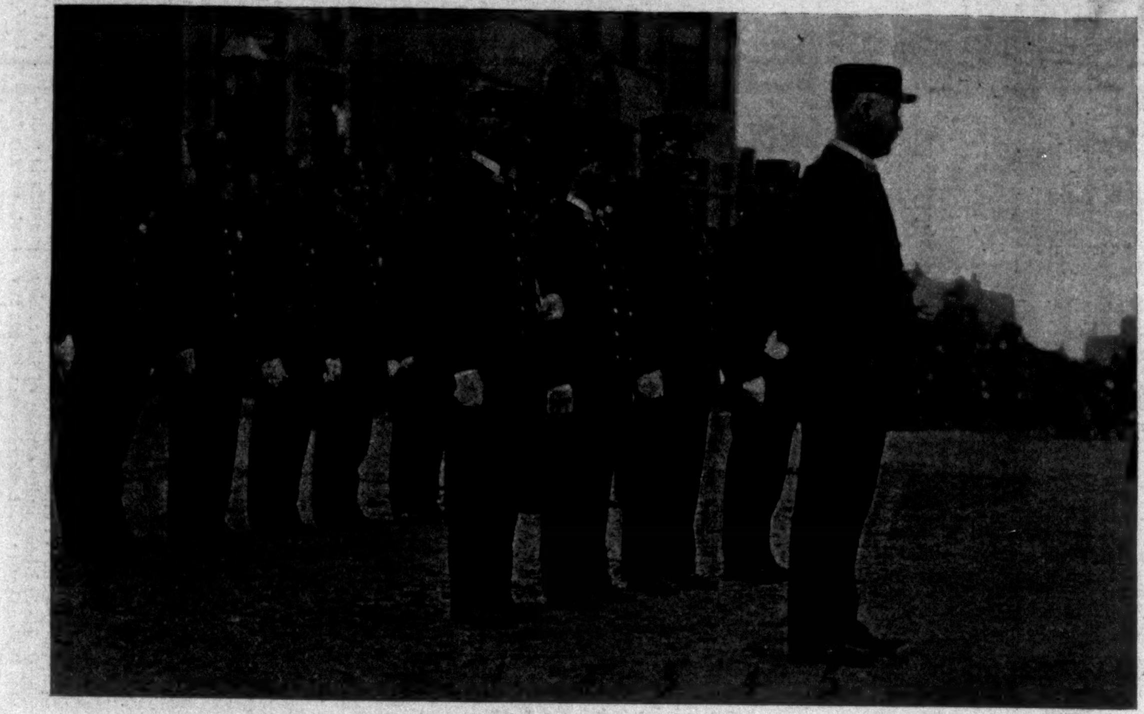
Looking over the Yale crew, one recognizes several familiar faces. Gallaudet at stroke, Captain Ives 7, Paine 6, Van Huyck 3, and Johnson bow, were all members of last year's crew. The others—Messler, McC. Longacre, and Goetchius—were in the boat of Yale's fast '92 Freshmen crew.

Harvard did not begin the year so fortunately. Of her defeated '92 crew there were only three men available when the candidates were told off last autumn. Those three remain in the boat, and are Captain Vail 6, C. K. Cummings 7, and Marshall Newell 3. Fennessy stroke, Fearing 5, Davis 4, Johnson 2, and Burgess bow have never sat in a 'varsity boat, and one or two never even had a seat in their class boat. The *personnel* of the two crews is brighter than the average, and the outlook for a stoutly contested race is good.

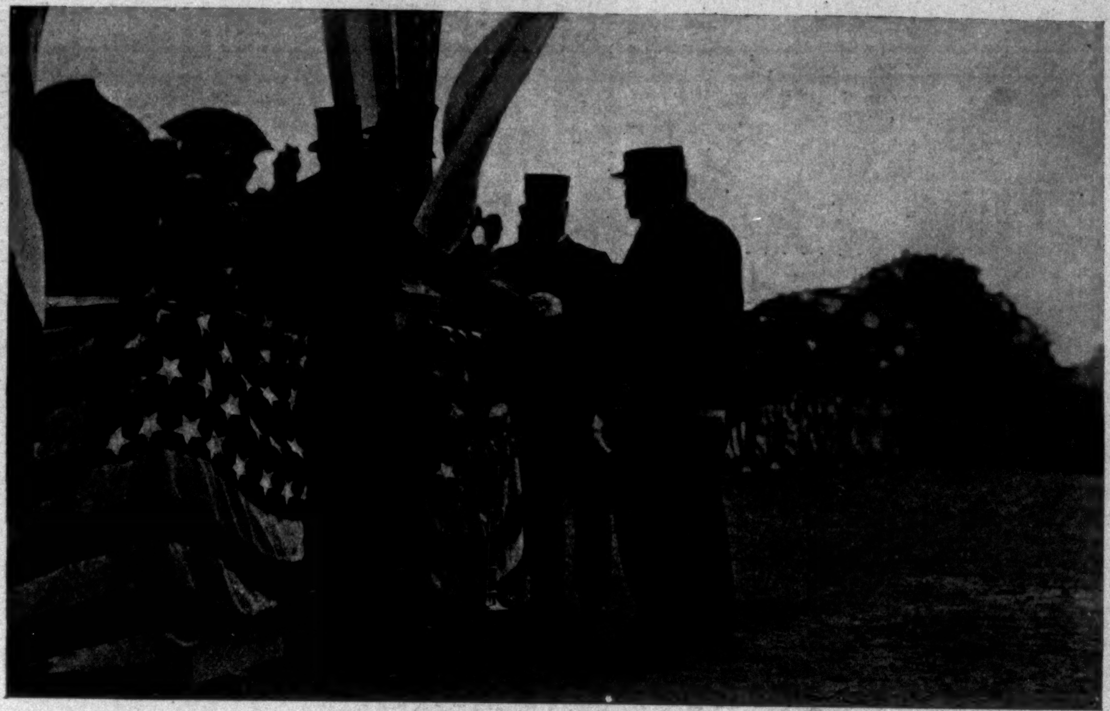
ENGINE No. 18—CAPTAIN JOSEPH P. BYRNE.



HOOK AND LADDER No. 4.
Used in the Rescue at the Hotel Royal Fire.

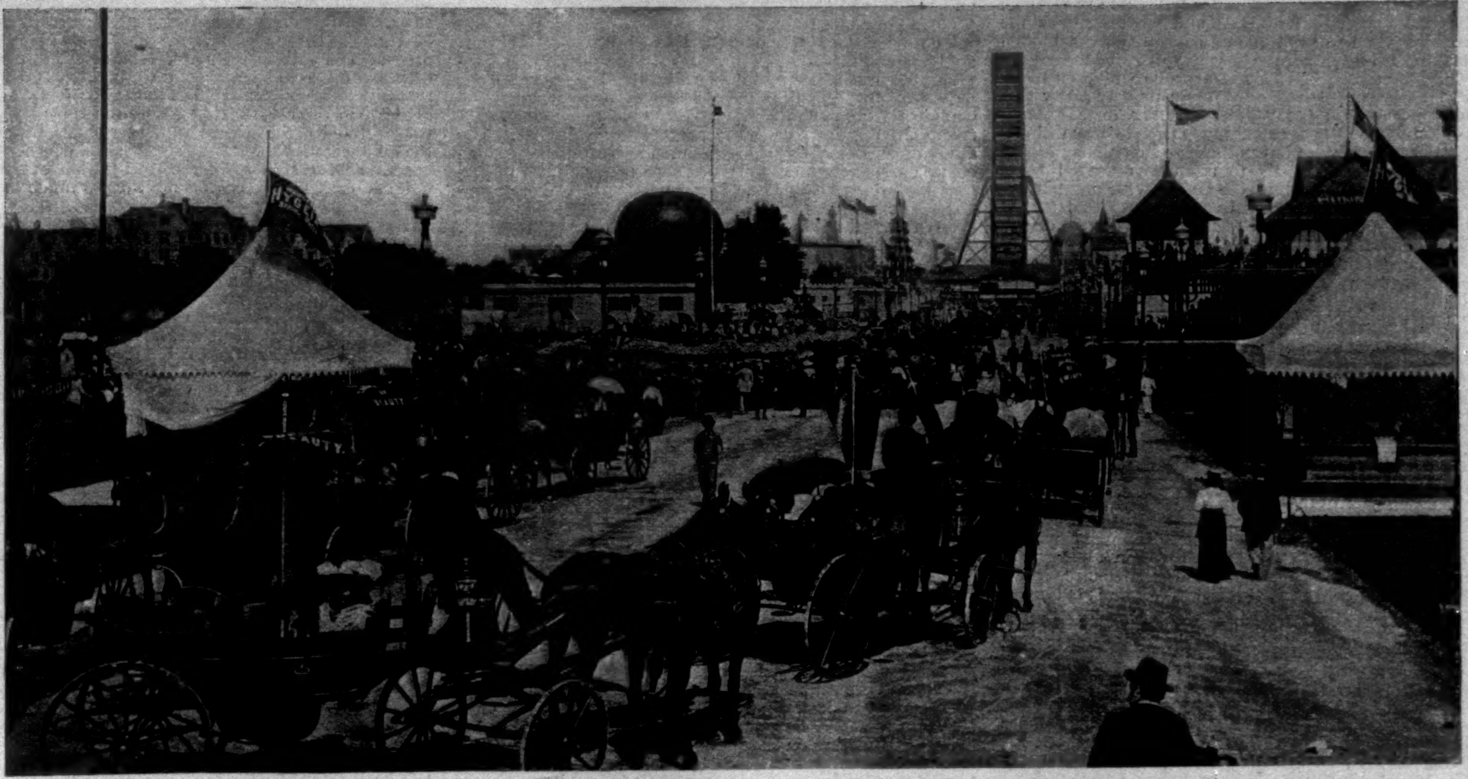


1. Captain Joseph P. Byrne, Engine 18, Winner of Stephenson Medal, 1891. 2. Captain Patrick F. Ryan, Engine 27, Winner of Stephenson Medal for 1892 3. Patrick A. Aspell, Hook and Ladder No. 4, Winner of Bennett Medal for 1892. 4. Patrick H. Lucas, Engine 24, Winner of Bennett Medal for 1891. 5. Chief Bonner presenting the four Men of Honor to Mayor Gilroy.



MAYOR GILROY PRESENTING THE BENNETT MEDALS TO PATRICK H. LUCAS AND PATRICK A. ASPELL.

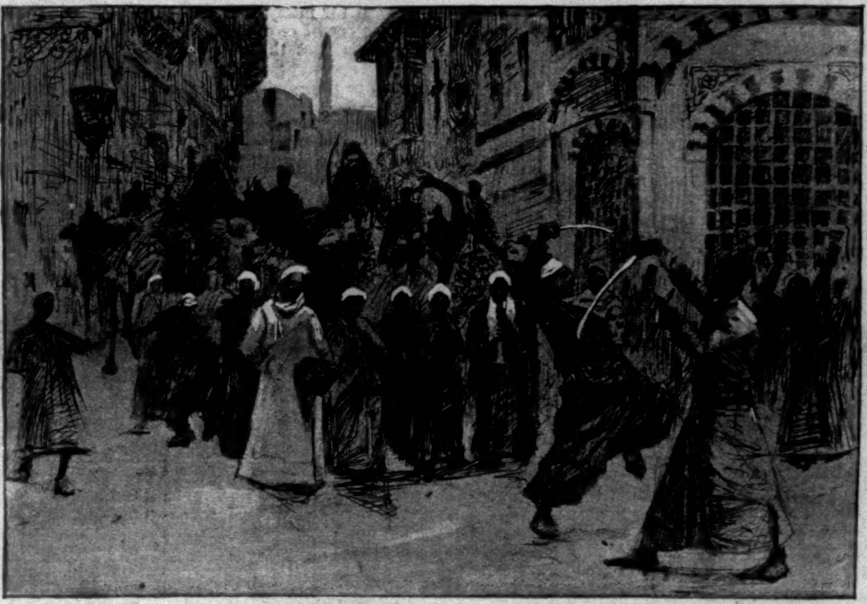
OUR BRAVE NEW YORK FIREMEN.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 619.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—PROCESSION OF THE "WORLD'S CONGRESS OF BEAUTY" PASSING UP THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE—THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.

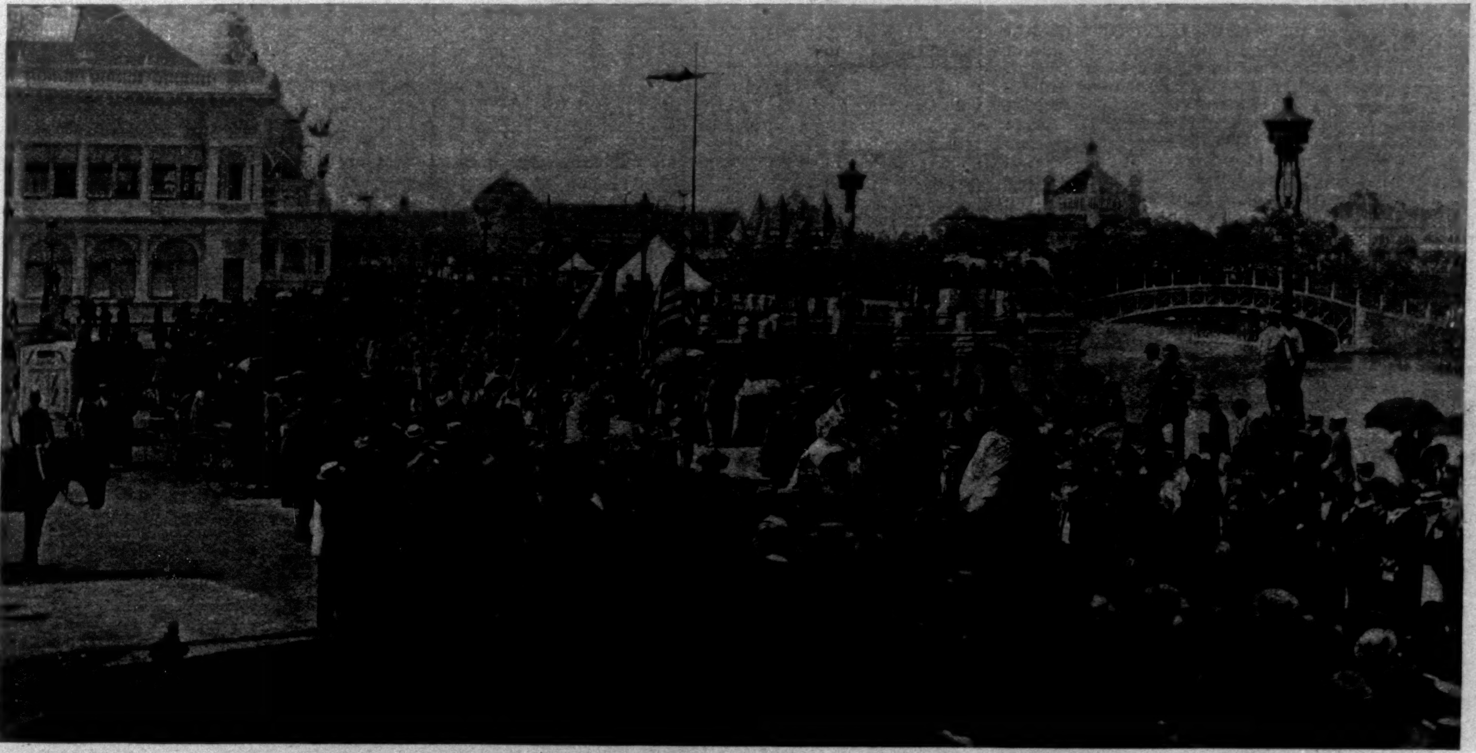
## A NOVEL PROCESSION AT THE FAIR.

THE extreme western end of the Midway Plaisance is reserved, as shown upon the maps of the exposition, for "Military Camps"; it was the scene, however, early in the afternoon of June 17th, of an assemblage consisting not of warriors alone, but of men, women, and children as varied in occupation as in race, color, and characteristics. Almost every nation of the globe is represented in that unique territory which forms the "lighter vein" of the great system of the fair, and which is in such distinct contrast to the classic beauty and formal dignity of the main body of the exposition. A procession of these people throughout the grounds had been determined upon, and all arrangements made for the start at the given rendezvous at two o'clock. Half an hour before the appointed time each division joining in the parade began to pour out its inhabitants and their paraphernalia. The fair-skinned Laps from their village, which lies furthest to the west, were the first to arrive, leading four reindeer and a pack of wolfish dogs panting beneath their shaggy coats. Then the gayly clad Turks, some of whom carried Sedan chairs occupied by the proprietors of the numerous industries and exhibits within their settlement, came pacing in, their muscular legs bare at the calves. One after another these strangely different groups assembled, until about fifteen hundred were upon the grounds. It was the first time that they had been brought together in so general a manner since the opening of the Exposition; it is to be doubted, indeed, if so motley a throng has ever before been seen on earth. It was a rare object-lesson for the student of ethnology, and was as full of exciting interest to the actors in the comedy as to the tens of thousands of spectators who crowded about their line of march. All chattered away, in every tongue, it seemed, every one talking, no one listening. There would be a lull in the unintelligible jargon as some bronzed child of the desert, mounted upon his thoroughbred Arabian, would come dashing up, with spear extended straight ahead of him, his head turbaned almost to suffocation, and the loose folds of his sumptuous burnoose flapping in the wind. The sky was cloudless, and the brilliant June sun lent unusual lustre to an already gorgeous picture.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—CAIRO STREET—AN EGYPTIAN MARRIAGE.
FROM A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER.
This is the important feature of Cairo Street, and takes place every day.

The Chinese are a meek people, but seem anxious to apologize and make atonement for their humility by the extraordinary aggressive dragons and devils which they contrive. Warlike Dahomeyans and fierce Bedouins left off contemptuous glances at pigtails and ungainly foot-gear as the awful



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—PROCESSION OF FOREIGN PEOPLES FROM THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.

serpent from the Mongolian Theatre made its appearance. One hundred and fifty feet long, and writhing over the forty men required to support and control it from hidden positions beneath its grotesque anatomy, it moved slowly to the "camp," snapping viciously at any one whose curiosity tempted familiarity. It not only found its way easily to a prominent position in the rapidly forming line, but evidently did much to raise the standing of the Midway Chinese among other more savage but not half so ingenious races.

The procession, now ready to start, was headed by a mounted officer of the Columbian Guard with a small detachment of men, and proceeded slowly down the Central Avenue toward Jackson Park, to the music of one of the exposition bands. The Laps, holding their first position, followed, some leading the reindeer, others walking with the dogs; after them came the people from the Captive Balloon Park, holding at the end of short lines funny little figures of men and women cut out of oiled silk and inflated with gas. The Dahomeyans, stripped to the waist and carrying American and French flags, marched with the measured tread of old and experienced fighters; their well-developed bodies were generously anointed with grease, and were resplendent in the sun. Just ahead of a large company of glass-blowers, carrying party-colored rods and fabrics, passed a band of Soudanese, whose jet-black skins and coarse but elaborately curled and corkscrewed hair made a curious contrast to their regular and almost delicately chiselled features. The managers of the Chinese Village and Theatre rode in carriages in complacent triumph ahead of their dragon, which constantly made terrifying but aimless mouthings at everything within reach. The exposition band, being well in advance of this section of the procession, left ample space for performances by native musicians, who played upon tomtoms, long kettle-drums, and snake-charmers' pipes made of two reeds; this combination gave forth heavy thuds, weird and discordant shrieks, and monotonous buzzes like giant mosquitoes. A number of interesting features upon the Plaisance, such as the Volcano of Kilauea, French Cider-press, Electric Scenic Theatre, and reproduction of St. Peter's, were appropriately represented, the last-named by an orchestra of eight violins and a 'cello. The Cairo Street turned out almost its entire population, which consists of a strange lot of dancing-girls, donkey-boys, camels, snake-charmers, merchants, priests, and fortune-tellers; upon a diminutive donkey rode, in uneasy dignity, an enormous baboon, who cautiously contemplated his unusual and altogether remarkable surroundings. The Turkish Village, which shows nearly every variety of Oriental industry, was strongly represented, scores of the men being mounted upon horses and camels; the dancing-girls were pushed in wheeled-chairs by the blue-uniformed attendants. Makers of sweetmeats threw great handfuls of confectionery to the delighted children along the way. None of the tribes in the procession were physically more impressive than the group of stalwart young Samoans, bearing large war clubs, their sinuous forms glowing with palm oil, and but half hidden by the multicolored fringes of their barbarous costumes. The "Congress of Beauty," composed of young women clad in the costumes of many nations, and riding in carriages over which floated silk banners inscribed with the name of their show, brought up the rear of the procession.

It was a strangely shifting panorama as it passed into Jackson Park and made its way over a long route of avenues to the Grand Basin, thence returning along the lake shore through the State and Foreign sections in the northern part of the grounds to the Plaisance. Altogether such a spectacle has, it is safe to say, never been witnessed before in any land or in any age, for it not only included the different races and tribes mentioned, but an immense collection of rich and rare draperies, weapons, and ornaments, all characteristic and most of them unique.

MONTGOMERY BRECKINRIDGE PICKETT.

## PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PH.D.,

Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology in the University of Wisconsin.

IT is not an infrequent experience of one whose calling associates him with the study of psychology to be accosted by some such greeting as, "Oh, you are a psychologist, and you'll be very much interested in a most remarkable incident that happened to an uncle of a friend of mine"; whereupon the speaker, quite likely of the fair sex, proceeds to recount with great animation some not very thrilling tale, in which a prediction or a coincidence, an apparition or a spiritualistic experience, is quite certain to figure prominently. This common association of psychology with strange and uncanny experiences is to be accounted for, in the main, by the prominence which the newspaper and the magazine have given to the investigations of the societies for psychical research, and, to a less extent, by the truly marvellous development of the study of hypnotism. Neither of these movements can claim to be more than ten or fifteen years old; while the science of psychology, in one sense as ancient as Aristotle, is even in its modern scientific form a direct outgrowth of thought tendencies that have come to a fruitage at various times within the present century. The identification of these two forms of investigation and interest is therefore as unwarranted theoretically as it is unfortunate practically.

What, then, are the methods, aims, and results of modern psychology, and what relation do they bear to the group of problems popularly termed "psychical research?" To define psychology in good text-book style as the science of mind would hardly be an aid towards its more exact understanding. Mental phenomena we find everywhere in endless variety and complexity; but what distinguishes psychology is the point of view, the method of study, the selection of material. The daily occupation of a merchant requires an infinite number of mental processes; but the merchant, while admitting that much of his success depends upon the nature of these processes, does not look to psychology for an explanation of his gains or losses. The distinction between a science and the possible results of its special and intricate applications, however obvious in this crude illustration, is readily lost sight of. Our interests are apt to be personal and individual; it is *our* friend we demand the science of medicine to cure, *our* mental experiences we ask psychology to explain. It is not easy to reconcile ourselves to the physician's view of our dear one as a "case," and of our experiences as simply contributing to the statistical regularity of a general law. There is a strong tendency to gauge the merits of a science by its powers of meeting these individual wants, and to forget that assurances of prompt and valuable applications of science are too frequently the promises of a charlatan.

The science of psychology, like every other science, analyzes and investigates, develops special methods and appliances, scrutinizes minutely what the layman neglects, patiently studies simple origins and elementary laws, and confidently relies upon the aggregate of such industry for suggestive applications to the processes of daily life. The study of sensation, by which so much of the outer world becomes ours, as we have senses to perceive, is a most important topic of psychology. For such study elaborate apparatus has been devised, and by means of it important laws of mental life have been demonstrated and illustrated. The study of sensation requires a knowledge of the physiological processes upon which it depends, and also leads to the study of the higher mental faculties through which we recognize and interpret its information. Memory, practice, fatigue, attention, judgment, association, and the more complex forms of thought-habits—all are treated in distinctive and important chapters of modern psychology; while the study of the relations of mind and body is so vast and manifold as to require the life-long devotion of a specialist. But the psychologist's material does not end here. He studies the unfolding mental powers of infants and children; he reads in the customs and thought-habits of primitive peoples illustrations of mental laws which have become obscured in our complex civilization; he studies illusions, and all the graded forms of unusual and abnormal traits and types of mind which individual variation and mental disease present. This broad conception of the psychologist's domain has been slowly developed; in many respects it resembles a sketch map with a few established stations amidst much unexplored territory, beset with peculiar dangers and difficult paths where the wiser fear to tread.

"Psychical research" has selected a special set of problems, in part of interest to the psychologist, but all forming portions of an inquiry as to how far the generally established laws of nature and mind may have exceptions. When an explanation is desired of the presence of a ring on a man's arm which is too small to have slipped over his hand, or of writing on slates under peculiar conditions, there is no particular appropriateness in demanding this explanation of the psychologist. Further, it is important to recognize that the psychological side of the problems under investigation is not the one that receives prominent attention, and rarely, if ever, accounts for or sustains the interest in the work. The possibility of suddenly transcending the known mental laws has a fascination for many minds, not unlike that which enthralls the devotees of circle-squaring and perpetual motion. Moreover, the fact that the conclusions which "psychical research" endeavors to establish appeal strongly to the emotions and to personal interests, is in no small measure the explanation of its popularity.

Thought transference, apparitions, and hypnotism may be singled out as the three topics that have received the most prominent places in the investigations; it goes without saying that each of these stands upon an independent footing, and is to be studied by special methods. If telepathy is true, and if apparitions have a more real significance than that which the physician attributes to them, the facts are certainly important; but much more important is a cautious reserve in presenting the evidence, a clear recognition of the dangers which a premature conclusion is certain to entail, a maintenance of a right perspective and of a wholesome sanely guided interest. The logical value of the evidence for telepathy and the predictive powers of apparitions has been variously estimated by different judges, and the question cannot be argued here. But it is unhesitatingly claimed that the manner adopted for presenting and applying these alleged discoveries has resulted in fostering an unwholesome, not to say morbid, interest, and in maintaining a very false perspective of the nature and relative value of psychological studies.

The origin of modern hypnotism is found in France amongst physiologists and physicians; it has been incorporated into "psychical research," not exclusively for the valuable psychological and medical truths which ingenious and systematic study in this field has yielded, but quite as much for its apparent transcendence of normal mental powers and its peculiar historical associations.

In brief, "psychical research" touches upon a special portion of one division of psychology, and treats this not necessarily from a psychological point of view, but with a special motive and object; and it is because this motive appeals strongly to personal interests that "psychical research" has acquired an extensive clientele, and for the moment achieved a popular success.

The interest thus fostered has tended to obscure the more important psychological problems, to establish a very false perspective of the field of modern psychology, and to develop an uncritical and unwholesome mental attitude. If we may trust to the guidance of historical analogies, such movements do not contribute to the advancement of science; neither do they more than momentarily deter its steady progress.

## MILK AT COST TO THE POOR.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

A DAIRY among coal-shoots and lumber-yards would be supposably a dairy out of place, but these are the surroundings of a particular milk depot in New York city, because it is in close proximity to a poor quarter.

A stream of little girls and boys, young mothers and old women, carrying pitchers, mugs, tin pails, demijohns, and nondescript vessels, has for objective point a straggling wooden structure built on a pier which juts into the East River at the foot of Third Street. All are bent on buying milk, for at this dairy the price of milk by the quart is four cents. It is the very best milk which can be had, and of the precise quality used at the Waldorf. The herd of Jerseys furnishing this milk was inspected by the leading veterinary authority, and every day's supply is tested.

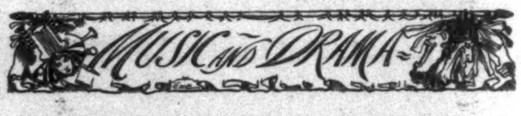
It seems hard to believe that people in New York pay every year a million of dollars for the water used in adulterating milk. This dilution would be a matter of no great difference to adults, but when it is given to children, there being so small a percentage of nutrients in it, the little ones starve. It is good to see the extent of the penny-a-glass business, the glass being a big tumbler holding over a pint, and it is a fluid much absorbed in this way by the coal-heavers.

But the dairy does not do an exclusive crude-milk business. The main object in establishing this dairy is to supply infants with sterilized milk. When milk is brought up to a temperature of 70° C., which is 158° F., the milk is not perceptibly changed, but the germs of disease, which give children cholera infantum or other serious complaints, are destroyed. This process of heating milk is known as pasteurizing. In this dairy there is a sterilizing plant, and all day long milk is being pasteurized. The cost of it is six cents a quart. The method of work, though simple enough, requires some skill and absolute cleanliness. Innumerable precautions are taken with the milk itself and with the feeding-bottles. For very young children the milk has to be used diluted according to the physician's formula. Dr. R. G. Freeman, of the Roosevelt Hospital, who has thoroughly studied the subject of the sterilization of milk at low temperatures, has given this milk depot much of his attention.

The results so far have been excellent. Mothers who have fed ailing babies with this sterilized milk speak gratefully of the improved condition of their little ones.

From this Third Street dairy other depots will be supplied with sterilized milk, so that the children in various quarters of poor New York may be benefited. Any hospital for children or dispensary can buy this sterilized milk.

This work in New York has been undertaken by Mr. Nathan Straus. Last winter the coal sold by him at cost warmed many a poor man's stove. This summer, in the crowded quarters of New York, this milk distribution will save little children from illness and death.



THE entertainment in the shape of a new opera from the pen of the well-known French composer Planquette, *The Talisman*, and a ballet which achieved enormous success in London, *Versailles*, given at the Manhattan Opera-house last week, would have had, one would think, a better chance of more lasting success had Mr. Hammerstein, before the production, thoroughly made up his mind whether he proposed to give an opera with incidental ballet, or a ballet with incidental opera. As the case now stands the spectator is left considerably in doubt as to whether the ballet has been introduced into the opera or the opera into the ballet, with the presumption rather in favor of the latter alternative. But, in the first place, justice and credit are due and should be paid to Mr. Hammerstein; whatever he promised in this instance he has amply performed, and the production of the pieces presented would in most essential respects reflect credit on the management of any house; so lavish, indeed, has Mr. Hammerstein been in the matter of his company that during the ballet even the large stage of the Manhattan Opera-house appeared over-crowded.

It is a rather difficult matter to separate the chaff from the wheat, from a critical stand-point, in an opera so evidently pulled about and cut to pieces as was *The Talisman*, and at the same time do anything like justice to the author and composer. However, not knowing the opera except as presented under Mr. Hammerstein's auspices, one can hardly be expected to do otherwise than to take things as one finds them and judge accordingly. The opera at present consists of the first and third acts (the second being entirely occupied by the ballet), and about half of it as it at present stands could be cut to advantage.

The book by D'Ennery and Burani, whatever it may have been in the French original, is in the English version positively and hopelessly dull and pointless. As far as could be discovered, the story relates an early and innocent love episode in the amorous career of Louis XV., in which a ring which he gives to his first love figures as a talisman in aiding a young French gentleman to attain fame and fortune at court. This young man is supposed to believe in the existence of witches and fairies, and thinks the ring given to him—for reasons which do not appear—by a fairy godmother, though it is in reality the girl who is in love with him who figures as this interesting individual. But enough of a book which is conventional, wearisome, and without value to an unusual extent, even in French operetta! One could hardly expect the composer to rise to lofty heights in music inspired by such scenes and circumstances, and M. Planquette has certainly in this instance not done so; for although the score is vastly better than the book, and contains whatever merit and interest the opera possesses, apart from two really effective and stirring soldiers' choruses in Act I. there is nothing that is individual or striking; though the music trickles along pleasantly enough, with many a quaint little musical quip and turn, which have always marked the work of the author of the *Cloches de Corneville*. Of the presenting company, Mr. Max Freeman, whose good work in staging the piece is most apparent, gave a very neat character sketch of King Louis XV.; it was positively refreshing to see a little actual acting in a comic opera. Mr. Hammerstein's French importation, Mlle. Bianca Lescaut, turned out to be a very vivacious young person, with a flexible voice of pleasing quality, which she spoils by the excessive use, in true French fashion, of open tones, or the *voix blanche*. Her dramatic methods, however, savor of rather the Café Concert than of comic opera of the class *The Talisman* is supposed to belong to. A Mr. Libby, hitherto unheard on the metropolitan stage, showed himself to be the possessor of a pure barytone voice of such excellent quality as would lead one to wish to see him in a more congenial rôle. The rest of the cast did what little they had to do acceptably. The chorus was large and sang well, and Mr. Kerker, with his customary tact, directed an orchestra which would be decidedly above the average in point of size and general efficiency if he could succeed in repressing the boisterous enthusiasm of the brasses and instruments of percussion, which shaped and shadowed over all.

The ballet, which was given in a very pretty stage setting, and occupied the whole of the second act, leaving the opera hanging in mid-air meanwhile, can be heartily praised. If a poll of the audience had been taken, the verdict would have been in favor of a good deal more ballet and a good deal less opera than even there was. As originally given at the Empire Theatre, London, *Versailles* was in two acts, and we would recommend Mr. Hammerstein to restore it to its original shape, and leave out as much more opera as may be necessary to effect this. In the usual style of the ballets at the Empire, it is gracefully pictorial rather than spectacular, and presents a series of very charming pictures, beginning with tableaux and dances illustrating the Four Seasons and ending with an extended and lively finale. Mlle. Qualitz, a graceful and easy dancer, introduces an original dance of her own invention, which is very effective, and which made beyond all question the success of the evening. The Manhattan Opera-house, reminding one, as it does not a little, of the Alhambra, London, seems to be particularly well adapted to ballets and spectacles of that sort, and if Mr. Hammerstein is wise he will dedicate it in future to such purposes, as one would think there is a distinct opportunity in New York at present for a theatre which would be devoted to productions of this description. All in all, *Versailles* is so well worth seeing that by going late and avoiding everything but the finale of the first act, which is a capital march with capital stage groupings, one can pass a very enjoyable evening, as the third act is better than the first, and contains some very pretty electrical effects invented by Mr. Hammerstein.

In weather such as we have had of late the thoughts of the theatre-going public are naturally lifted from the theatre below to the roof-garden above, and consequently the opening of another place of resort for roof-gardeners in the shape of the garden situated above the new American Theatre was an event of importance. Had Mr. French not been led away by the idea of killing two birds with one stone, and constructing a roof-garden which would be equally available for those people who like to sit out-doors and for those who prefer sitting in-doors even in summer, his garden would be a cooler place of resort than it is. It is very much shut in by the walls of the surrounding buildings as it is, and in trying to make a portion of it habitable and comfortable for that class of people who fear the night air, and would therefore, one would think, be better off at home, Mr. French has in a way attempted to eat his cake and have it too. The garden is prettily arranged, and the entertainment offered—of the usual vaudeville variety—is rather above the average for the limited number of the occupants of the garden who can see it. As a manager of tact, enterprise, and experience, Mr. French will doubtless lose no time in obviating these defects which at present militate somewhat against the success and popularity of his latest venture.

A time about two years back in London witnessed what might be called an apotheosis of physical strength as exemplified in the persons of Sampson, Sandow, and various other gentlemen of similar herculean tendencies, who were striving for the mastery and supremacy in feats of physical strength and endurance. From the attitude taken both by press and public as regards the first of these gentlemen (Mr. Sandow) to make his appearance in this country, it would seem likely that the same experience is to be repeated here. Mr. Sandow is certainly a splendid specimen of physical manhood in its best sense, as the development of his muscles has not by any means led to the obliteration of his intellect. His story, as related by himself, shows that with malice aforethought, at the early age of nine, he made up his mind to be a Hercules; happening to possess certain probably necessary physical aptitudes for this profession, he has succeeded in his attempt to a marked and uncommon degree, as the feats which his astonishing physical development enable him to perform without the least apparent effort or inconvenience are certainly of a kind to make those who contend that the present fifth race is sadly deteriorating physically stand agape with astonishment. Although it may be thought that for a man to support horses on his chest, and lift hundreds of pounds of living and dead weights above his head, with the greatest ease and unconcern, will not serve any very decided artistic or utilitarian purpose, it would certainly seem to be valuable in showing what physical development a good specimen of the race with proper care and training is capable of. We perhaps would be greater intellectually than even we are were we to devote a little more care and attention to out-door exercise and athletics generally; and the spectacle of a man like Sandow, and the wonder excited by his extraordinary feats, can hardly fail, one would think, to turn public attention in that direction with possibly salutary and sanitary results. Those who would wish to see about as perfect a specimen of physical development as the present race is capable of should not miss seeing Mr. Sandow at the Casino.

Next season we shall have the opportunity of seeing several recent English dramatic successes. Mr. Wyndham, as is well known, will present Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's latest success, *The Bauble Shop*, and the Kendals will give Pinero's new drama, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which is said to be the master-work of one who is certainly at the present day the first English dramatist. The play is a most powerful one, and the author has evidently bowed to the influence of both Ibsen and Metterlinck in his realistic handling of certain phases of modern social life. The story is strong, but simple. Mr. Tanqueray marries as a second wife a woman with a past, which he refuses to hear, burning a letter in which she tells him of it. His daughter by a first wife, who had thought of entering a convent, returns home and falls in love with and becomes engaged to a man who, it turns out, was her step-mother's former lover. The wife confesses this fact to her husband, who tells his daughter that her projected marriage can never be. The daughter and the step-mother have a terrible scene, in which the one reproaches the other without mercy, and, maddened by the deserved reproaches, the second Mrs. Tanqueray commits suicide. There is no attempt on the part of the author to alleviate the gloom or to destroy his effect by making the drama end happily. Though realistic to a degree, the play is not repulsive, the *morale* is good throughout, while the moral that the rules of right and wrong cannot be set at defiance without paying the penalty is an obvious one. The play is said to be exceedingly well acted, and scored an unmistakable and pronounced success.

A report recently issued by the United States Consul at Milan in regard to music study in Italy will be interesting to the many who look upon Milan as the Mecca of vocal music. He says the main difficulty to be encountered by intending pupils lies in the dishonesty of the teachers, who, intent only on money, will not give a fair opinion as to a pupil's real chance of success. Another trouble is that Americans go to Italy with an erroneous impression as to the expense of living there, and do not realize that at least two years' study is absolutely necessary to fit any one for the stage. Again, American girls, accustomed to the chivalrous way in which the sex is treated in this country, fail to realize the disadvantage they labor under, and the false impressions they produce by acting in Italy in the same untrammelled way that they would do at home. Social etiquette in Italy requires that a young woman should be always attended by a third person when taking a lesson from a male teacher, and the failure of American women to realize or appreciate such differing foreign social conditions is often likely to subject them to offensive persecution, and even insult. It is said that the greatest number of American music students in Italy are from New York, Ohio, and California; and although the quality of their voices is far superior to those of pupils from other nations, the fact remains that only about five per cent. of them attain even moderate success on the stage. Facts like these should be known and appreciated. It is the fashion nowadays for women to do something, even where the necessity to do so does not exist; and music schools in this country, as well as abroad, are filled with women hoping to make a success in various musical fields, who have in reality not the slightest chance of so doing; and who, having been incited thereto by too great confidence in their abilities, or the injudicious advice and approbation of unthinking or too kindly friends, are in reality wasting their time and their money with little benefit to themselves, and still less to music as an art. Teachers the world over should be more conscientious.

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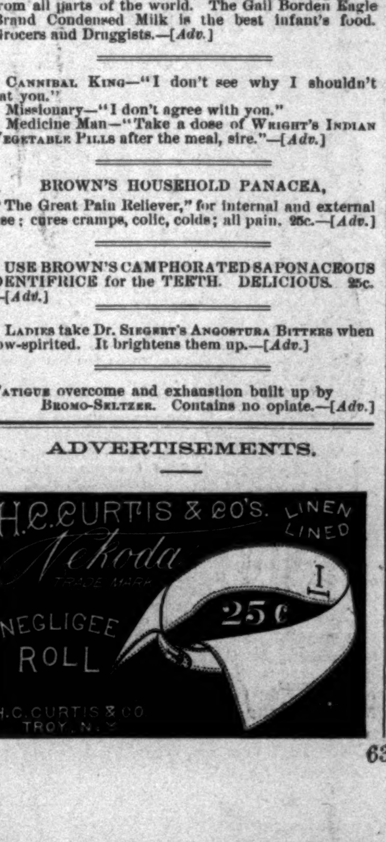

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Senator Stanford was born on a farm near Albany, New York, sixty-nine years ago. In his boyhood he worked in the field in the spring and summer, and went to a country school in the winter. With money made in cutting cordwood he went to Albany and studied law. He was admitted to the bar about the time he reached his majority, and went to Chicago to practise his profession. He staid only a short while, and then moved to Port Washington, on Lake Michigan, near Milwaukee. There he did so well that in a year or so he returned to Albany and married the lady who is now his widow. Shortly after his return to Wisconsin from his bridal tour his house was burned, with his law library and about everything that he possessed. Not liking to begin over again in Port Washington, he went to California, whither two brothers had preceded him in 1849. These brothers were merchants in Sacramento. The new-comer was put in charge of a branch store at Michigan Bluffs, and was so successful in his dealings with the miners that he was made a full partner in the firm. Senator Stanford early took an active interest in politics, and was a Republican from the beginning. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860, and advocated Mr. Lincoln's election. The next year he was the candidate of his party for Governor, and was elected. He served only one term, refusing a re-election on account of his duties as President of the Central Pacific Railroad.

When Mr. Stanford went into this gigantic railroad enterprise with Messrs. Crocker, Hopkins, and Huntingdon, none of these men was rich. They were only moderately prosperous business men. Many conservative persons thought that they were foolish to go into an enterprise requiring capital so much beyond their means. Governor Stanford, however, after he was convinced by the chief engineer, Mr. Judah, of the practicability of the railroad, never faltered, and he kept his associates up to the mark when their faith failed them. The successful completion of the railroad in 1869 made of Mr. Stanford and his three associates—the big four, they were called in California—millionaires. Other successful ventures and investments so increased Governor Stanford's wealth that his fortune when he died was estimated all the way from thirty-five to seventy millions, according to the valuation placed on his various properties.

In 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Stanford lost their only child, Leland Stanford, Jun., who died of fever in Italy. This was the great sorrow of their life. He determined to erect an enduring monument to the memory of his son, and so endowed the Leland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto, near San Francisco. To this university he gave many millions during his life, and by a deed of trust the institution will now receive the income from the bulk of his estate. Mr. Stanford was elected United States Senator in 1887, and in 1891 was re-elected to succeed himself. He was a prominent figure in the Senate, and also in Washington society. He was opposed to the Geary law for the exclusion of Chinese, as he maintained that they were very useful immigrants. This attitude did not hurt his popularity on the Pacific coast, notwithstanding the fact that the feeling against the Chinese is very bitter. He advocated a policy of lending government money on farm produce, and so won Populist support, and was often talked of as a candidate for the Presidency on that issue.

After the completion of the Central Pacific Mr. Stanford became interested in other railroads on the Pacific slope, and also in the development of manufactures and agriculture. He owned the largest vineyard in the world. This is in Tehama County, and five years ago it included 3575 acres, planted with 2,860,000 vines. At his celebrated Palo Alto ranch Mr. Stanford had one of the most extensive and admirably managed breeding establishments in the world. He was a scientific student of every branch of breeding, and he followed out theories of his own which provoked much adverse criticism. He was a firm believer in the liberal infusion of thoroughbred blood in the best strains of American trotters. The marvellous success of his experiments silenced opposition. He was also an advocate of early training and early development, and the records of his three-year-olds, two-year-olds, and yearlings at Palo Alto startled the breeders of trotting horses.

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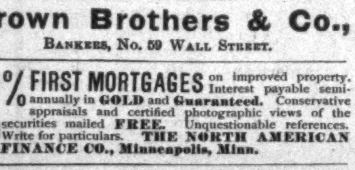

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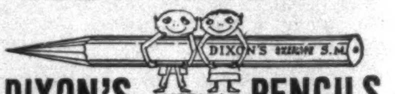

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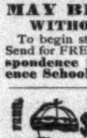

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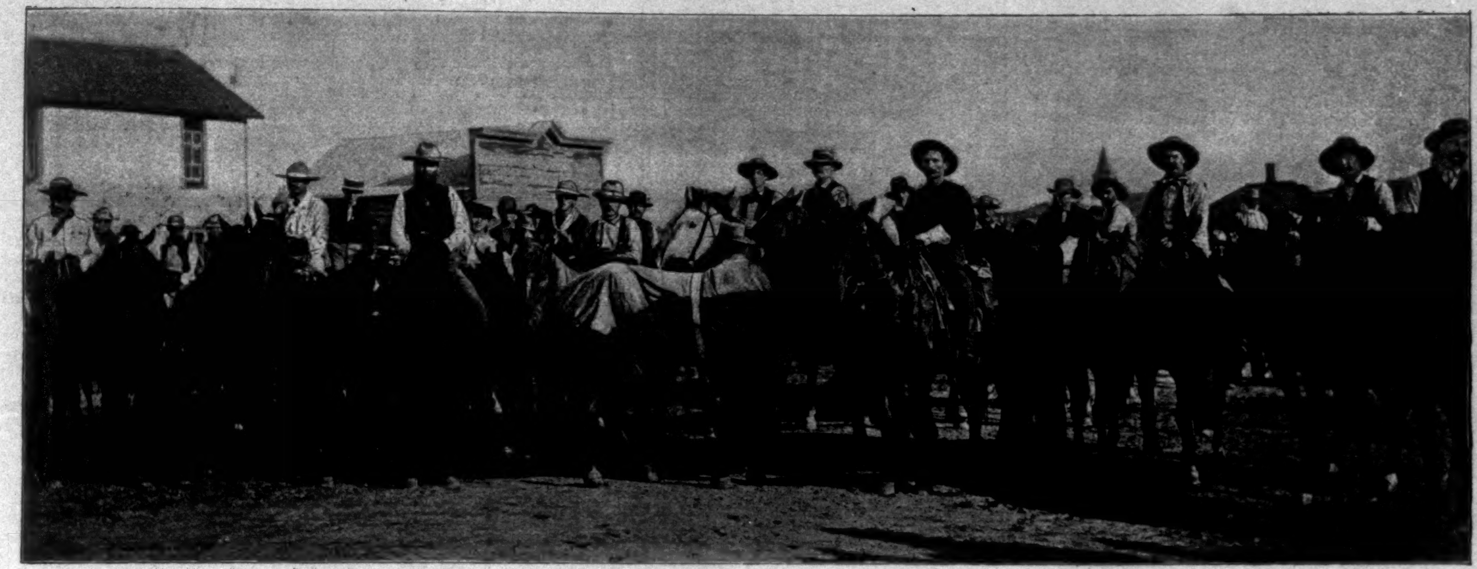


THE COWBOYS' NINE-HUNDRED-MILE RACE FROM CHADRON, NEBRASKA, TO CHICAGO.—From a Photograph by Foss and Eaton, Chadron.

## THE COWBOY RACE.

The little town of Chadron, Nebraska, was full of excitement on the afternoon of June 13th. Three thousand people had gathered to witness the start of the great cowboy race from Chadron to the World's Fair, a distance of 900 miles. There were nine riders and seventeen horses participating, and when the pistol was fired none were left at the post. There was no grand dash, no spurt at the start; contrary to all expectation, the riders showed no hurrying at all in getting away. The horses ambled off at easy gaits, while officers of the Humane Society looked on. The suffering of the horses in the recent long-distance race between officers of the German and Austrian armies had made so strong an impression upon many people that the Humane Society felt called upon to look into the matter. They concluded, however, that no cruelty would be practised, and the cowboys were allowed to proceed unmolested. With one exception the riders were all accompanied by an extra horse as a reserve, to be used in case of accidents to their mounts. The cowboys were all furnished with maps of the route to be gone over, and the following places were designated as stations where the riders would be obliged to register on the way after leaving Chadron:

Long Pine, O'Neill, Wausa (Nebraska), Sioux City, Galva, Fort Dodge, Iowa Falls, Waterloo, Manchester, Dubuque (Iowa), Freeport, De Kalb, and finally Chicago (Illinois).

The owners of the horses and the men who started in the race are:

Mike Elmore, Hemingford, Nebraska. Two horses—Wide Awake, bay gelding; Monte Cristo, brown stallion. Dave Douglas, rider.

Doc Middleton, Chadron, Nebraska. Two horses—Geronimo, brown gelding; Bay Jimmie, bay gelding. Doc Middleton, rider.

Abe Jones, Whitewood, South Dakota. Two horses—Romeo, bay gelding; George, black gelding. George Jones, rider.

P. G. Cooper, Crawford, Nebraska. Two horses—Outlaw, buckskin gelding; Joe Bush, sorrel gelding. Emmet Albright, rider.

Joe B. Gillespie, Coxville, Nebraska. Two horses—Billy Mack, chestnut gelding; Billy Schafer, gray gelding. Joe B. Gillespie, rider.

James Stephens, Ness City, Kansas. Two horses—General Grant, brown gelding; Nick, brown gelding. James Stephens, rider.

Joe Campbell, Denver, Colorado. One horse—Boom-de-aye, bay gelding. Joe Campbell, rider.

Charles Smith, Hot Springs, South Dakota. Two horses—Dynamite, sorrel gelding; Red Wing, bay gelding. Charles Smith, rider.

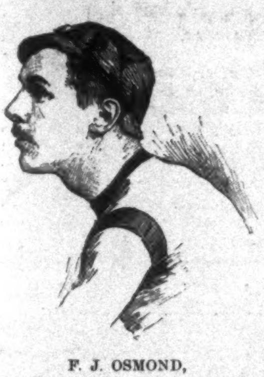
Jack Hale, Sturgis, South Dakota. Two horses—Poison, chestnut stallion; Sandy, bay gelding. John Berry, rider.

The horses and the cowboys have been in training for some time, and were pronounced to be in the best of condition at the start.

Speculation as to the time that would be consumed in the race varied from twelve to eighteen days—the latter estimate meaning fifty miles a day for the winner, which means hard riding for that length of time.

## AMATEVR - SPORT

If the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen is in earnest in its advertised crusade against that class of wheelmen who follow racing exclusively as a means of livelihood, there will indeed be cause for genuine rejoicing among all honest wheelmen and sportsmen generally throughout the country.



F. J. OSMOND,
the English champion racing 'cyclist now in America. He holds all the track records from 25 to 42 miles.

But the proviso which accompanies these good assertions—viz., if evidence can be collected—rather suggests that it will be the same old story over again. If the members of the Racing Board really have the purification of cycling honestly at heart, their course is a very plain one. They absolutely hold the key to the situation, and their power is unlimited to do the greatest good to one of the most popular sports in the world. But they cannot carry water on both shoulders and bid for the commendation of sportsmen and the good-will of guilty racers at one and the same time, declaring in one breath they will institute a crusade, and adding in the next—if they can get evidence. The League of American Wheelmen has empowered this Racing Board to suspend men upon "circumstantial evidence" pending an investigation. There is literally no end of actual evidence that the racing men are not living up to the L. A. W. rules, and as for "circumstantial evidence," is it not sufficient that almost every one of the crack racing men spends half his time in training and travelling about the country, and the other half in idleness; that none has individual means to warrant such a life, and that each rides and advertises some particular make of wheel.

No one who gives the matter serious consideration believes for a moment that the Racing Board of the L. A. W. has a sinecure in cleansing bicycling of this professional racing element. Unquestionably its task is a difficult as well as a disagreeable one, but it is always the case in any department of business or sport where corruption has gained an entrance. There are, no doubt, many clubs throughout the country that have arranged to hold meetings this season, and liberally advertised the appearance of one or more of the cracks. To these clubs the suspension of the racing "rounders" would very likely mean a serious loss both in prestige and in finances. It is never an easy matter to dig out a cancerous growth, and especially one that has flourished so vigorously as this racing parasite. No reformation was ever yet instituted that did not cause annoyance and some temporary injury. The point for the officials of the L. A. W. to consider is the greatest good to the greatest number. There are upwards of thirty thousand members of the League of American Wheelmen. There are about a score of these racing cracks. Are not the interests of this splendid sport of bicycling and these thousands of wheelmen greater than the handful of racers who are a daily menace to the amateur status of one and a constant reflection on the other?

Undoubtedly the members of the Racing Board of the L. A. W., individually and collectively, are keenly alive to the situation, and would gladly free themselves and the sport over which they legislate; but they have been too timid in their policy. Suppose a few clubs do lose money on a tournament or two; suppose the posters do not read so attractively without the names of the cracks; the clubs will shortly reimburse themselves, and the general races will be quite as interesting. The L. A. W. is apt to greatly exaggerate the value of these cracks as drawing-cards; others would take their place, and the attendance would be larger, for the public would heartily commend the cleaner condition of the sport.

No man who is at all posted on the subject denies that nearly all the present class of racing cracks are as much professionals as the men on the professional baseball teams, and that they are doing bicycle racing in the United States an incalculable injury.

Who pays their expenses?

Are the men riding for sport, or are they riding because it is their business to do so, and they are well paid for it?

Is a man who is paid to ride a certain make of wheel an amateur, or is he a professional?

What is the difference between a man who is paid to play baseball and one paid to ride a bicycle?

Why is it, Johnson, whose home is in Minneapolis, belongs to a Syracuse, New York, bicycle club, and rides the wheel of a Syracuse manufacturer?

These are questions I should like the Racing Board of the L. A. W. to answer, and in answering to say whether there is not sufficient "circumstantial evidence" to be gathered from them to warrant the suspension without further delay of nearly all the racing cracks. It is well and good to take up the case of Taxis, but not to make him the scapegoat of the "profesh." They are all in the same boat, and the L. A. W. will gain the praise of every sportsman in this country by acting promptly and fearlessly. It is not a case for gentle measures.

The experience of A. A. Zimmerman and Walter Sanger on the other side in not being able to procure racing licenses from the English National Cycling Union shows how the sentiment abroad is growing against this class of racers. It is likewise a slur on the L. A. W., for both men sailed from New York with credentials. That the amateur status of our national bicycling representative should be questioned is not a pleasing reflection for American sportsmen. It seems the English union found "circumstantial evidence" enough. Why cannot the Racing Board of the L. A. W. find it?

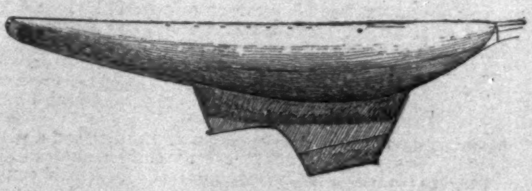
The University of California, at Berkeley, has recently been wrestling with the problem of how to keep its athletics up to the amateur standard. At a meeting some weeks ago of the Athletic Association a resolution that "in future it shall be the policy of this association not to compete in match games against any athletes but those from educational institutions" was put forth. This resolution was lost, fortunately, since it would have been suicidal to bar their athletes from the excellent practice furnished by the various athletic club games which are held from time to time.

The university has recently made a dual arrangement with the Leland Stanford Junior University for an annual competition in baseball, football, and track and field athletics, but the quality of the performances would suffer much were the athletes of these two universities restricted to competition with their own second nines and elevens. Neither one of the colleges, as yet, is able to put out a "scrub" team strong enough to give the 'varsity the necessary practice, and were such a course adopted the final match each year would show small improvement in play.

It is unfortunate there should be a breach between the University of California and the Olympic Athletic Club, which is the largest club west of Denver, and whose teams could give the college men the very best kind of work. Considering the opportunities for improvement are so few on the coast, it seems a very short-sighted policy on the part of both the university and the club to perpetuate any unpleasantness that means a cessation of athletic courtesies.

At the same time there is need for the most stringent legislation and closest scrutiny, particularly round about San Francisco. There appears to be an element in that neighborhood that has little conception of what constitutes an amateur, and cares less; and now and again some very unwholesome transgressions are brought to light. While I was on the coast, there was a quarter-mile race between Henderson, an Olympic Athletic Club man, and Garrison, of the defunct Alpine Athletic Club, which created a good bit of scandal, and ended in the rejection of Henderson's entry at the Olympic Club's subsequent field-day. It was only last year, too, that the pitcher of the University of California baseball nine was reclaimed from an iron-foundry for a month and a half, and received cash for his services on the university nine. In the first game this year between the nines of Stanford and University of California, the former protested Cooney, the latter's pitcher, the claim being that he was not a student. Although he was permitted to play in the first game, the Faculty of the University of California afterwards dismissed him from the college. The facts in his case were that he entered the first term of his college year as a special student in zoology and geology—two lecture courses at which no roll is called. During the first term he was fairly regular, but at the beginning of the second term he secured a position in San Francisco, and ceased to attend lectures. No roll being called, his absence was, of course, not detected. In addition to this, he pitched for the Oakland professional nine last year.

The point this department wishes to make in giving so much space to this matter is to hold up to public censure the baseball management of the University of California, which was really the more flagrant offender, and to accentuate the fact that reform must begin at the fountain-head. If college athletic associations countenance such open violations of amateur laws, it may be expected that they will find men who are only too ready to accept tempting offers. There is room for reform in amateur athletics about San Francisco, and the sooner it sets in the quicker will the Pacific coast receive recognition in the amateur athletic world.



"CARMITA."
Mr. Foster's addition to the 46-foot class.

IF ALL THE YALE MEN who have been disturbed by the reports sent from New London on the "unsatisfactory" condition of the crew could have seen their 'varsity shoot up the Thames toward Norwich last Saturday evening, I am under the impression they would have spent a very comfortable Sunday. They would have watched in vain for that "raggedness" which was said to make its appearance after the crew had rowed a half-mile or so, and they would have discovered in its stead beautiful blade-work, a recover that even last year's eight did not excel, good time, and a shell that travelled along fast enough to lead the Yale launch, running about a mile in every five minutes, and kept on going between strokes. They would not, indeed, have needed the corroboration of the evening spin if they had watched the crew closely Saturday morning when it rowed over a mile and a half at the upper end of the course. Unless some unforeseen accident happens, Yale will have a fast crew when the start of the annual four-mile race is made next Friday.

Taking Paine out of the boat at so late a day was something of a surprise, but the way the shell has moved since shows it was a wise change. Paine had rowed 4 in the '91 and '92 crews, and at 6 all this year; he is naturally slow on account of his weight, and it was probably concluded that if a lighter and quicker man could be substituted, it would be advantageous. Longacre was taken from 4 to 6, and Rogers put in at 4. This change relieves the shell of 28 pounds, and balances it better than last year's boat. Longacre had been doing good work at 4, and has kept it up at 6. Rogers is one of the best oars in the shell, and though not especially strong, his 160 pounds of muscle and grit ought to carry him through, and has in the trial 4-mile rows. A better man could not be put in the centre of the boat, for he is certain to carry the stroke back in good shape.

HARVARD HAS A CREW SO MUCH BETTER than last year that no comparison can be made between them. It seems to be faster than the '91 crew, though, as yet, it lacks the dash of that eight. They are doing more work forward of the pin, and get in a good strong drive with their legs, and yet the boat does not appear to shoot ahead as it should. Fennessy is setting a good stroke, and sits up to his work well; if every man pulled in the same form and with equal dash, the boat would have plenty of life; but at times, if you watch his body only and lose sight for the moment of his oar, it seems almost as if he were apart from the crew. Cummings has continued to improve, and is now following stroke without a break. Vail, at 6, needs some hard work between now (Sunday) and Thursday; he is inclined to drag a bit. Fearing has been fine, and needs husbanding. Davis has a sore hand, but has been doing good work. Johnson's blade on the catch is an eyesore; if he does not get it at the proper level before burying, his work will do as much to hinder as to aid the boat. Both Newell and Burgess are pulling strong oars—neither of them graceful.

IN COMPARING THE CREWS, there are two qualities in Yale's work so pre-eminent as to make that eight look like the winner next Friday, and those qualities are dash and smoothness. Yale is rowing to-day in better form than Harvard, and is improving right along, but in watching them one is impressed by the dash with which they go at their work, and the easy manner in which the shell glides along. The recover is perfect; the men steal out on the last part of the slide, and when they catch the water they catch it hard, and the stroke is rowed straight through for all it is worth. In the mean time the shell travels without the slightest check. The Harvard men get a good grip on the water, and they pull it through well too, but there is not that dash, that vicious dig at the water, and the blades are not kept on the same level so well as are the Yale blades. When Harvard gets to the end of the stroke there is a perceptible check to the boat, and the blades do not come out of the water so cleanly. The check is slight, to be sure; but slight as it is, it would mean considerable in a four-mile pull. There has been much improvement in the recover since the crew reached New London, but on last Saturday it was not nearly so good as Yale's. Both crews have made some good trials over the course, but Yale's time for a half and a mile has been, when I caught it, a little the faster. The Harvard crew looks as if it had power, and it has, but they do not seem to get the drive that Yale does. Pluck is going to cut a prominent figure in the result of the race, and if Harvard can stay with Yale to the two-mile flag, the confidence it will give them, added to their strength, may counterbalance the superior skill of the blue. It should be a close hard race, and every man in the winning boat must do his duty.

HIGHLANDS'S MAGNIFICENT WORK IN THE BOX, and the errors of Kedzie, Stephenson, and Beall, won the first game for Harvard against Yale at Cambridge last Saturday after ten innings—score, 3–2. No college man ever pitched through ten innings and ended with such a record as Highlands made last week—3 base hits made off him, 19 struck out, 2 bases on balls, and one wild pitch, besides stopping two hard drives, and throwing the batter out at first. It was the greatest game he ever pitched, and shows of what the man is capable when put in hard practice. Carter allowed only one hit to be made on his delivery, struck out 12, gave 4 bases on balls, and made one wild pitch. Although Carter's record does not look so creditable on paper, it must be considered fully as good if not a bit better than Highlands's. Harvard's team is a heavy batting one, at least seven of the nine men being what may be called sure hitters, and to have held such a nine down to one hit in ten innings is remarkable work for a pitcher. On the other hand, Yale's nine does not compare with Harvard's in stick-work, and Highlands had a much easier time striking out 19 of such than Carter had in deceiving 12 of Harvard's.

The game from the beginning was a pitcher's battle, and if the fielding had been as perfect as the work in the box, the nines would have been playing yet in an attempt to score. Certainly the work in the box by both pitchers has never been approached in a Harvard-Yale game, and was the most pronounced feature of Saturday's contest.

THE FIELDING ERRORS ON BOTH SIDES, and by men supposed to be steady, was another feature, and a prominent one. Both of Yale's runs were made on errors. In the second inning Speer reached first on Frothingham's error, and Highlands's two wild pitches and Mason's passed ball brought him home to score Yale's first run. Again in the third inning Murphy made Yale's second and last run by Mason dropping the third strike, Trafford's wild throw, and a wild pitch. Mason's work behind the bat was the poorest of his career, but it is doubtful if any other man on the field could have back-stopped any better the swift balls Highlands was sending over the plate, though that does not excuse his weak throwing to second. Mason was not up to the mark, pace or no pace. Yale's catcher, Kedzie, contributed his share of the game's errors, letting Hallowell in (on a passed ball) to tie the score just after Abbott had scored on Stephenson's overthrow to the plate. Beall's bad throw to Kedzie in the tenth inning let in the deciding run of the game. There was not an earned run during the entire game. Murphy has regained his form, and did good work in the field and at the bat. Frothingham fielded a very difficult grounder in good shape, and made a beautiful and timely sacrifice. Hallowell's scoring on a short passed ball was great work. The second game is being played (Tuesday) while we are on the press, and it is likely to be even more exciting than the first, and a better game, since the men should be steadier. If Highlands holds his form of Saturday, the chances must again be considered slightly in Harvard's favor, on the assumption that he will be able to hold down the Yale batters, while Harvard is pretty apt to do more with Carter than they did at Cambridge. It is so close, however, that very little deviation will carry the victory either way. If Highlands should have an erratic day it would be fatal to Harvard's prospects.

IT IS NOT LIKELY that any of the larger Eastern college baseball nines will enter what has become known as "Professor Stagg's Chicago tournament." From whatever side the scheme is viewed, nothing beneficial to amateur sport is to be seen, and chances of considerable harm being done are more than even. To begin with, the tournament is little else than a side show to the World's Fair, got up very likely with much more consideration for the gate-money than for sport, and Stagg's connection is probably only that of adviser or manager. It would not be possible for the Harvard, Yale, or Princeton nines to go to Chicago intact, and the result would be the use of the college name for a team of more or less motley make-up.

Besides that, we do not want our college nines receiving, individually and collectively, expense money at so many dollars a head from an association, or a club, or whatever the financial background of the proposed tournament may be called, as it would be handed out to any other "attraction." The entire tenor of the matter is not pleasing, and Harvard, Yale, and Princeton will make a great mistake if they permit the use of their names. Such a meeting could only be acceptable by these colleges themselves arranging their schedule, expenses, etc., in the usual way of the regular college season. To receive money from outsiders would be a serious mistake. There is going to be so much of that sort of thing in Chicago this summer that college associations should keep as far from contact as possible.

STEADY WORK BY THE AMHERST nine, and especially the clever pitching of Colby, won them the New England College Championship on the 20th and 23d, when Williams was defeated, 11–5 and 4–2. The Williams battery, Hollister and Draper, did fine work in each game, but their support was not strong, nine errors being made in the first and six in the second game, against three and one by Amherst.

THE CORNELL-COLUMBIA FRESHMAN eight-oared boat-race resulted in victory for the former by about ten lengths, in 10 m. 8 sec., which is only fair time, and considerably behind the record of 9.41 made by Columbia in 1891. It had been expected Cornell, with its admittedly exceptionally good crew, would establish new figures for this distance, but though they started off at a record-breaking pace, doing the first half in 2.14, they dropped at the mile, and again at the beginning of the half in the second mile, and when the last half-mile was reached a rather stiff breeze was encountered that destroyed all remaining hope of a new record. Cornell fell off so many points the second and third half-miles it is doubtful if they could have bettered the present record even had there been no wind on the last stretch. Cornell at the start caught the water first with a 44-to-the-minute stroke, and pulled strongly without a break in the eight to the finish. Columbia labored manfully with their more or less go-as-you-please stroke, starting off with 33 and finishing with 38 to the minute. They averaged 150 pounds to Cornell's 156. Whatever qualities the Columbia Freshman crew may be lacking, pluck is certainly not one of them. These boys were the first to go into quarters on the Thames, and they have worked faithfully early and late, day in and out, ever since. The amount of work they have done, in fact, has been the wonder of the river, and whether they get the place in the triangular race, Wednesday, the 28th, or not, they have surely worked faithfully and done their best for the blue and white. For two years they have won second place from Harvard on sheer pluck, and it is not at all improbable they may do so again this week.

CORNELL MADE A GREAT MISTAKE in not accepting Yale's offer (in reply to their challenge for a Freshman race) that they would row on Saturday, July 1st, and the effort to excuse their departure from New London by attempts at belittling Yale's sportsmanship has simply put Cornell further than ever she was from getting on a race with either of the universities at any time.

All sportsmen have wished to see a race this year between the Yale and Cornell Freshman crews, and Yale had been looking into the possibility of such a contest even before Cornell's challenge. Yale's answer was to be given after the Cornell-Columbia race; it was somewhat delayed by the discussion in the Yale quarters, and arrived a couple of hours late, and after Cornell had packed their boat on a car. Cornell's rejection of the offer because their boat was packed and they did not care to wait a week for the race may have been all right from their way of looking at it, but from a sportsman's point of view the causes for refusing to entertain the proposal were very weak. There are several things to remember in considering this case. Cornell was the seeker and the challenger, and has for years proclaimed itself actually hungering for an opportunity to row Yale. Yale had nothing to gain, and would have rowed for pure sport's sake; their crew had a race (the triangular Freshman) Wednesday, and quite properly did not care to row Cornell until afterwards.

It seems incomprehensible that after having both publicly and privately urged Yale to row them, Cornell should, when the dearest wish of their aquatic hearts was granted, quibble over unpacking their shell and remaining in training a week longer.

THE LAUNCH OF THE PAINE BOAT, *Jubilee*, puts overboard the last of the cup-defenders. The open manner in which this racer has been built is in striking contrast to the secretive methods that have prevailed about the Herreshoff shops at Bristol. The *Jubilee* has been free to the inspection of yachtsmen almost from the very laying of her keel, and she was launched in broad daylight and publicly. Her performance will be watched with great interest, because of the association of her owner's name with the defence of the *America's* Cup, and from the fact that there are those who are curious to know if barred doors increase the speed of a model.

It should be said, first of all, that the *Jubilee* has been designed by John B. Paine, the son of General C. J. Paine, and while the father will, of course, lend his experience in her management, John must be given credit for her lines.

The boat is a composite fin keel and centreboard. Her forty tons of ballast will be carried in the lead bulb at the bottom of the fin, which is hollow and houses the centreboard. She will have a second and smaller board forward of the fin. This combination gives her light displacement, moderate draught, and two centreboards for windward work.

She is built of steel throughout, and though the plating and frames are lighter than any yet used in a boat of similar material, she is so strongly put together, so thoroughly braced, that every confidence is expressed in her ability to carry her sail. Her dimensions are: length over all, 123 feet; l. w. l., 83.6 feet; beam, 22.6; draught of hull, 4.6 feet; depth of fin, 9; total draught, 13. The sail plan will be a large one, her boom being over ninety feet.

She is a good-looker, with easy lines and long overhangs forward and aft, the stern being very narrow, not over six feet.

THE *Navahoe*, HAVING COMPLETED her repairs, again put to sea last Thursday. It will hardly be possible for her to reach the other side and get into racing trim before about the 15th of July, and as this will be after the racing on the Clyde is over, there will be no opportunity of meeting the English craft until the Cowes regatta, which is the first week in August. This will work in Mr. Carroll's favor for the return trip, since it will give the green mast, with which he was obliged to replace the finely seasoned stick damaged in the pilot-boat collision, some time to dry out a bit.

Every sportsman will wish God-speed to Mr. Carroll and his plucky wife—who sailed with him, instead of going over by steamer, as first intended—and all success to the *Navahoe!*

THE PERFORMANCES OF *Calluna* have been so disappointing, especially in light wind, to British yachtsmen, that it would not be surprising if her challenge, made some weeks ago, for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, were withdrawn. In this case *Navahoe* must meet either *Britannia* or *Satanita*, which have shown form not far behind the *Valkyrie*. The *Calluna* has been put in the dry-dock, and will undergo some alterations before she again goes into a race. As poorly as she has done, however, she could very likely win the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups from the present holder; but naturally enough the Englishmen want to pit their best boat against the *Navahoe*, and in this all American sportsmen will heartily concur.

The *Vigilant* continues leaking, at this writing, and all efforts to find where the water gets in have proved fruitless. It will probably result in the boat being hauled out and thoroughly gone over, since it is evident that if she leaks now no temporary stoppage would answer when under canvas, and the consequent tremendous strain to which the modern high-powered boats are subjected. All this will delay and handicap the yacht considerably, but it is to be hoped, for her owner's sake, nothing more serious may result.

THE LAWN-TENNIS tournament for the championship of the United States in women's singles, doubles, and mixed doubles, decided at Wissahickon Heights last week, resulted in the winning of Miss Terry, Miss Butler and Miss Terry, and Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Clarence Hobart. The entry in all the events was large, the general average of play in the singles probably higher than last year, but the final contest was very tame compared with the great game last year between Miss Cahill and Miss Moore. At the beginning of the tournament last week Miss Moore, in the absence of Miss Cahill and Miss Roosevelt, was the favorite for the championship. Great was the surprise, therefore, when she was defeated, 6–3, 4–6, 6–4, by Miss Terry, of Princeton. With Miss Moore out of the way, Miss Terry's path to the championship was clear enough, for there was only Miss Schultz to meet, who, notwithstanding her game is more than fifteen better than last year, was no match for Miss Moore's conqueror, and suffered defeat easily, 6–1, 6–3. Miss Cahill didn't defend her title, and the championship went to Miss Terry by default.

MISS TERRY HITS THE BALL HARDER than any girl that has ever tried for the championship, not excepting Miss Cahill, and, like the ex-champion, she has practised a great deal with men, and acquired much of their style. She has a drop stroke something like E. L. Hall's, and plays in the back of the court most of the time, though quite competent to volley exceedingly well when she cares to do so. Miss Moore did not in her match with Miss Terry equal her game of last year, and we shall very likely see a great contest between the two if they meet later in the season at the Staten Island tournament. Miss Roosevelt's failure to compete in the singles was a disappointment, since the form she showed in the mixed doubles was good enough to have made her winning of the singles very probable. Good as Miss Terry's game is, it is not so strong as Miss Cahill's.

The doubles went to Miss Butler and Miss Terry, who beat Miss Schultz and Miss Stone rather easily, 6–4, 6–3. The mixed event was really the most interesting of the tournament, for two such good players as Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Hobart, supposed to have the match easily in hand, were obliged to work hard to defeat Miss Bankson and Mr. Wilson, 6–1, 4–6, 10–8, 6–1, who showed surprisingly good form. Larned, the Cornell player, had an easy win in the men's singles over Colby. The winners of the singles championship since the first offering of the cup are:

1886, Miss E. F. Hansell.
1887, Miss Bertha L. Townsend.
1888, Miss Bertha L. Townsend.
1889, Miss E. S. Roosevelt.
1890, Miss E. S. Roosevelt.
1891, Miss Mabel E. Cahill.
1892, Miss Mabel E. Cahill.

This week, beginning on Wednesday, the Middle States championship for men's singles will be held on the courts of the Orange Tennis Club. The entries have not closed at this writing, but it is very likely Hobart and E. L. Hall will meet again to determine who shall play Richard Stevens, the present holder of the trophy. Mr. Stevens was in fine form last year at this time, but is not likely to do so well this week.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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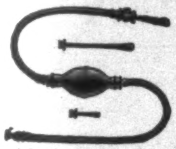

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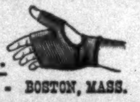

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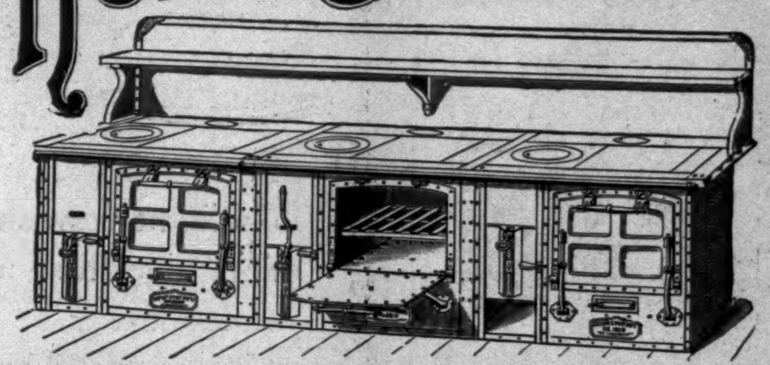

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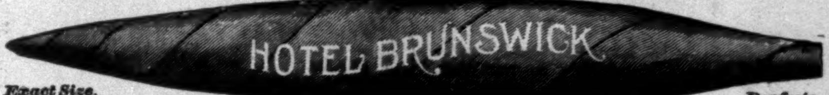

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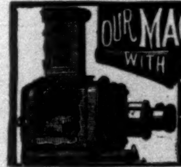

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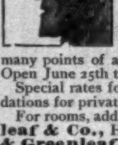

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